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McKean County Miner.

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Official Directory.

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State Treasurer—James M. Barnett.
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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evening at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree 1st meeting of each month; 1st degree on second, 2d degree on third, and 3d degree on fourth meetings.
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W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. 278 meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
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G. A. R.—McKean Post No 347, meets First and Third Thursday evening, of each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows Hall.
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L. O. T. M.—Crown Hive, No. 48, meets in Wells Hall, Thursday afternoons.
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C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
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P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
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March 1, 1900.

The DOVE COLORED DOOR

By.....
ELLA HIGGINSON

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MRS. FRAZER sat down heavily in a low rocking chair and took her darning basket on her lap. She drew a rather large black stocking up over her arm, thrusting her hand well down into the foot and spreading her fingers far apart. She examined it carefully with her head on one side and a little near-sighted squint in her eyes.

Then she threaded a needle and dropped a glass ointment jar, over which she always darned, into the stocking.

The doorbell rang.

"Oh, mercy on us!" said Mrs. Frazer. She jumped up stiffly, but so suddenly that the darning things rolled all over the floor. "Just because I'd set out to darn! I could embroider on them pillowshams a month and not a soul would set foot in this house. I wonder who it is!"

She lifted one edge of the shade and peered out cautiously. "Oh, my! It's Mis' Dean. I'd almost rather it had been the minister."

She gathered up the darning implements and the red canton flannel stocking bag and hurried into the bedroom. She returned in a moment, and with a triumphant air laid a partly embroidered pillowsham carelessly on the table, thrust a needle into it, and set her thimble beside it. Then she opened the door.

"Why, Mis' Dean! You don't mean it! Really, now! Well, I'm amazed. I thought you never was comin. Come right in. Don't mind your rubbers. My carpet ain't silk warp henrietty. I never take my rubbers off anywheres. It's too much trouble. If folks don't like my rubbers, they needn't like me; that's all. Love me, love my rubbers," she added, with a comfortable laugh, preceding her guest into the sitting room.

Mrs. Dean sank into a low chair. She was a small, colorless woman, with cold eyes and a stubborn mouth.

"Such a hill as you live on!" she said in an injured tone. "What possessed you to buy way up here?"

"Oh, just to give folks somethin to wonder about," replied Mrs. Frazer, with her mellow, exasperating laugh. "Folks are bound to ask questions, you know. If they don't ask what made us build way up here, they ask why we didn't put a porch clear round or a bay window in the bathroom or why we didn't run our pipes on the outside instid of the inside."

"Yes," said Mrs. Dean coldly. Her pale eyes were commencing to let out a little unsuspected fire. She had many nervous movements. Her veil was too short, and she kept putting up a carelessly gloved hand to draw it down over her thin chin. Each time it sprang back like a piece of rubber and curved in to her lips with every breath.

"You makin shams?"

"Yes; I was just workin on 'em."

The doorbell rang.

"Well!" said Mrs. Frazer. She got up more slowly this time. She was a large woman; she moved stiffly. "It never rains but it pours."

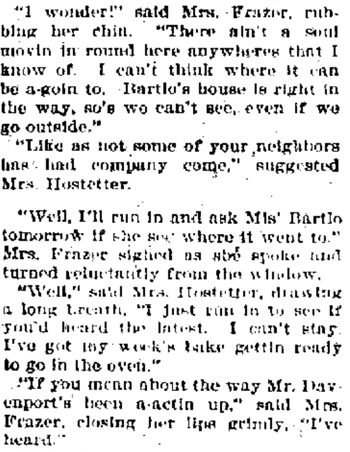
Sublimely unconscious of her rudeness, she went to the door.

"Oh, Mis' Hostetter! You, is it? Well, I'm right glad you come. Step in. I guess you know Mis' Dean?" she added humorously.

"Oh, my, yes!" said Mrs. Hostetter, sitting on the edge of a chair. She was tall and thin. She stooped slightly.

"I was afraid it might be the minister." Mrs. Frazer resumed her place.

"Well, talkin about the minister," said Mrs. Dean, lowering her voice. "I just want that you should notice how often he goes to Miss Huntley's. I've seen him go there time and ag'in. He's mighty scarce in his callin at our house, I notice. Why, I wonder where the trunk's a-goin in that express wagon!"



She peered out cautiously.

The other two women came to the window at once.

"I wonder!" said Mrs. Frazer, rubbing her chin. "There ain't a soul movin in round here anywheres that I know of. I can't think where it can be a-goin to. Bartlo's house is right in the way, so's we can't see, even if we go outside."

"Like as not some of your neighbors has had company come," suggested Mrs. Hostetter.

"Well, I'll run in and ask Mis' Bartlo tomorrow if she see where it went to." Mrs. Frazer sighed as she spoke and turned reluctantly from the window.

"Well," said Mrs. Hostetter, drawing a long breath, "I just run in to see if you'd heard the latest. I can't stay. I've got my week's bake gettin ready to go in the oven."

"If you mean about the way Mr. Davenport's been a-actin up," said Mrs. Frazer, closing her lips grimly, "I've heard."

"So've I," said Mrs. Dean. "I think that's just horrible. I don't mean to bid him the time of day if I die for it."

"Well, I don't, neither. But I just want to tell you what Mis' Graham says when I told her. She waited till I got all through, and then she up and says she didn't think it could be true. After my a-tellin her! So I just told her it was true."

"What'd she say then?"

"What do you suppose she said? She just looked me in the eye and says ca'mly that if it was true she was sorry he'd done wrong, but that she didn't consider one person had ought to judge another; says she thought it was human nature to do wrong and that we'd ought to be sorry for each other and help each other up."

"Why, the idea! What'd you say? I hope you give her a good one."

"Well I did!" Mrs. Hostetter spoke with triumph. "I told her I was a Christian and belonged to church and she wouldn't ketch me upholdin a man that'd turned hisself out to be what Mr. Davenport had. I asked her how you could pick out respectable folks if they was on speakin terms with that kind. Then she said somethin real profane. She guessed that God could put his finger on 'em! Oh, that made me awful mad! I said, well, I wouldn't speak to Mr. Davenport and I didn't reckon Mis' Dean and Mis' Frazer would neither, and that we was the leadin ones in the church."

"Good for you! I guess she didn't have anything furder to say to that, did she?"

"Yes, she did. That's what makes me so awful mad. She up and says then, still ca'mlike, that she didn't consider it would hurt any good woman to be kind to Mr. Davenport, even if he had done what was claimed ag'in him, which she didn't believe—the brazen thing says that ag'in—and it might do him some good."

The door opened suddenly, and a slatternly girl burst into the room. She stopped and stared at the guests. Then she threw her hand over her face, giggled bashfully and exclaiming "Oh, now!" retired noisily.

"What do you think of that?" exclaimed Mrs. Frazer in a tone of exasperation, "after all I've talked to her, a-trouncin in here that way before people! A woman might as well be crazy at once as to keep a hired girl. They're that mortifyin!"

"Now, that makes me think," said Mrs. Hostetter. "I was sayin the same thing to Mis' Graham the other day, and what d'you s'pose she says? She says she thinks hired girls have an awful hard life. She feels sorry for 'em. She keeps a rockin chair in the kitchen for her'n and lets her go out ten times a week if she wants; says she thinks it's awful hard for a girl to have to ask every time she wants to go anywheres. She says she gets cross sometimes and lets her temper go at her girl, and then she always goes back and apologizes. She ain't got any sech word as servant in her vocabulary."

"Such silliness," said Mrs. Frazer scornfully—"a ruinin hired girls that way!"

"Well, I must say," admitted Mrs. Dean reluctantly, "that Mis' Graham's hired girl is an exception to the general run of 'em. She worships the ground Mis' Graham sets foot to and would run her legs off for her."

"The worst thing she said," put in Mrs. Hostetter, "was that she didn't think women had ought to get together and talk over girls' faults; says she'd just as soon anybody would ask her how she liked her husband as to ask her how she liked her hired girl; says she's been guilty of such things herself, but she ain't goin to ag'in. Oh, I never heard such goin ons!"

"I guess she's crazy!"

"I guess she is. She says if we caught girls a-criticisin our faults we'd have a conniption fit."

"There goes that express wagon back ag'in empty," interrupted Mrs. Frazer in a perplexed tone. "I can't imagine where that trunk went to. Mr. Brown told me yesterday that Mis' Brown wa'n't comin home for a week, but mebbe she just telegrafted and come right on."

"But when you want real scandal," said Mrs. Hostetter in a low tone, "you have to go on a piece furder than Mr. Davenport."

Mrs. Frazer's pillowsham sank rustling into her lap.

"Is there anything worse?" asked Mrs. Dean breathlessly.

A little smile wrinkled Mrs. Hostetter's face. "Yes," she said briefly; "there's somethin worse."

"What is it?" asked both women at once.

Mrs. Hostetter was tantalizingly slow in replying. She looked out the window with an air of mystery glooming over her. "I don't know as I ought to tell you if you ain't noticed."

"I ain't noticed a thing."

"I ain't, neither. It can't be in this neighborhood."

"It's in this neighborhood. It's within an ary of two blocks. I've see it a-goin on for three months. I've see it with my own eyes."

The other two women sat silent, crushed.

"You can both of you look out of this window without ever a-leavin your seats and see the front door of the woman it's about. It's as innocent lookin a front door as you'd find a-goin from one end of the street to the other. It's little you can tell about people by their front doors."

The other two women had started and looked out the window. The glance of each went jumping along from one door to another. There were a yellow door and a glass door and a grained door and a dove colored door. Their eyes stopped at the dove colored door. They looked at each other, then at Mrs. Hostetter. "Mis' Mayhew!" they exclaimed as one woman.

Mrs. Hostetter half closed her eyes. "Uh-huh!" she said.

The silence was intense. The two women's faces were working with startled conjecture.

"A scandal about her!" breathed out Mrs. Frazer at last.

"Why, you'd think sugar wouldn't melt in her mouth," said Mrs. Dean.

"She sings in the choir."

"And's on the executive board."

"And the executive committee of the co-operative society."

"She's the treasurer of the Red Cross."

"And secretary of the 'Sociated Charities."

"Used to be," put in Mrs. Hostetter, [illegible]. "Ain't you noticed she dropped everything about three months ago?"

"As I live and breathe," said Mrs. Frazer, "so she did!"

"It hadn't made no impression on me," said Mrs. Dean.

"Well, when you see a woman that's been a-runnin [illegible]," said Mrs. Hostetter [illegible], "drop it all so sudden you just look round you and [illegible]."

The other two women sat staring at the dove colored door. Who would ever have suspected a scandal behind a door of such a color—the one door on the whole street to suggest innocence and refinement?

Mrs. Hostetter [illegible] in on their thoughts. "[illegible] you have seen that birdcage hung out on her front porch frequent if you hadn't seen anything else!"

They drew shivering breaths. They had seen the birdcage.

"Well, then, mebbe you have seen that some days it was hung on a hook on the left side of that dove colored door and some days on the right!"

They looked at each other and cleared their throats simultaneously. Each face reflected back the mortification on the other. They shook their heads, honest, but ashamed. They would tell the truth though the heavens fell on it.

"Well, you might of, if you'd had your wits about you," said Mrs. Hostetter. "You needn't squirm so. You both deserve to have it rubbed in—a-livin right in range of her door, the two of you!" Her tone was bitter with reproach.

"I have seen that she's looked mighty pimplin when she did go out," said Mrs. Dean, recovering slightly.

"And it's been long spells between her goin outs," said Mrs. Frazer, with lofty eyebrows.

"She's had a pale, scared look. I have seen that she was a-concealin somethin."

"She ain't hardly made a call. She ain't even called on the minister's wife, and her with a teethin baby! She's made some kind of an excuse every time I've asked her to run in and fetch her work. She's even made excuses when I've offered to take mine in and set a spell."

"She don't want company," said Mrs. Hostetter. "I'm glad you've seen somethin, if only that much. If you had watched that dove colored door a little closer, you'd 'a' seen that when the birdcage was hung [illegible]—"

"Oh, my land!" cried out Mrs. Dean in a great voice for so thin a lady. She started forward in her chair. Her face was as gray as ashes. Her eyes had a wild, startled look.

"Why, for [illegible]!" gasped Mrs. Frazer terrified.

"What's got into you?" demanded Mrs. Hostetter [illegible].

"Oh, my land!"

"Mis' Hostetter! She's a-goin into some kind of attack. Git a doctor!"

"Some kind of fiddlesticks! Mis' Dean, what's got into you?"

"Oh, don't you see her eyes all set out the window? She can't speak. She can't even utter."

Mrs. Hostetter turned and looked out the window. She threw back her head and burst out laughing. "Oh, that's what's got into you!" she said and went on laughing as if she couldn't stop.

Mrs. Frazer's eyes followed hers. The three women sat staring at the dove colored door. Mrs. Mayhew had come out on her front porch. She had a birdcage in her hand. She stood looking off toward a fir grove that approached the house closely on one side. While they still watched she turned slowly and hung the cage up on the right side of the door. Then she went into the house and closed the door behind her, the most innocent looking door in that west[illegible] town.

Mrs. Hostetter settled comfortably in her chair. "Now you'll see," she said. She drew a gold watch out of a pocket crocheted on her [illegible] and opened it. "In just about 15 minutes by the watch, [illegible]."

The other two women sat on the edges of their chairs and neither moved [illegible] while the minutes got themselves by. Their faces were pale with suspense; their breathing was noiseless; their backs ached from leaning forward, their eyes from watching.

Suddenly a man came out of the depths of the wood and walked rapidly toward the house. He kept among the tall ferns and in the shadow of the trees. He was a young looking man. His hat was drawn down over his eyes, and there was something furtive in his movements. He approached the dove colored door, which opened at once, and he disappeared within the house.

When the hearts of Mrs. Dean and Mrs. Frazer succeeded in pumping a little color back into those white, shocked faces, Mrs. Hostetter burst out laughing again.

"Who is it?" said one woman in a whisper.

"Oh, I don't know who it is. He goes there once or twice a week. It's been a-goin on for three months. Ever since she left off church and choir and library board and everything else. That ain't all. I've see for a long time that there's some cool feelin's between her and Mr. Mayhew."

"And Mr. Mayhew such a nice man!"

"I never heard a word ag'in him yet."

"And it seems to be on his side. My mercy! She ust to come to the door with him every time he went down town, and last thing he'd do he'd up and kiss her, like a pair of fool lovers. They'd been married a long time too. He spent all his evenin's at home with her unless there was somethin to go to, and then he'd always take her. And if she sung a piece or played on the piano or declaimed, my mercy, he just set and couldn't take his eyes off of her! I never see his beat for admirin a woman and lettin his admire stick out all over him, so's everybody with half a eye could see it. He fairly carried his admire round on his sleeve! And when he come home to dinner she'd run out to the gate, and first thing he'd do he'd up and kiss her. Well, it's all changed now. He never goes a step with her anywheres, he never spends an evenin at home, and if she comes to the door with him he just walks off with his head down, kind of slow and thinkin and never so much as looks back once."

"Mebbe somebody's give him a hint," breathed Mrs. Frazer.

Mrs. Hostetter smiled and cleared her throat.

"Mebbe somebody has," she said mysteriously.

"Mebbe somebody's sent him an anonymous letter."

Mrs. Hostetter fixed her unexpectedly with a stern gaze. "Mebbe somebody has."

"Well, my land! Don't eat a body up with your eyes so! I wa'n't accusin you."

"Well, you can if you want," said Mrs. Hostetter, undaunted.

"Why, you never, did you?" exclaimed both women in a breath.

"Yes, I did," said Mrs. Hostetter, proud as a peacock with an unfurled tail. "I give him a hint in an anonymous letter, just the mildest kind of an intimation."

"Oh, what did you say? Tell us what you said."

They were aquiver with excitement.

"Well, I just said"—she leaned back and half closed her eyes—"that when the birdcage hung on the right side of the door a young man went there early and staid all the afternoon. I told him"

"Oh, good for you!"

"I glory in your spunk. You are grit!"

"Good for you! Nerve, such!"

"I told him"—Mrs. Hostetter swelled out her bust superbly—"that he didn't need to take my anonymous letter's word for it. All he had to do was to watch for hisself any Toosday or Friday."

"And did he?"

Her countenance fell. "Well, no, he didn't, I must say."

"What! Didn't he never?"

"No, not a once."

"Why, how do you know?"

"I've set here at my window every Toosday and Friday since. I've set a little back, so's I couldn't be seen, but I've never took my eyes off of that house. It's strained my eyes so, a-keepin 'em set right on one spot, almost without winkin fer fear I'd miss somethin, that I've had to keep a bathin 'em in [illegible] salt water. It's terrible good for the eyes. Well, if her husband had 'a' watched he'd been sure to see the man, and then, of course, he'd 'a' gone straight to the house and [illegible]," she added in a deep voice, "in his [illegible]. But he never went there a once. But I see him the day after he got the letter," she continued, with a return to triumph, "and he looked as gray as an ash pan. I bid him the time of day, and he could hardly speak. Oh, he felt it deep. It was pitiful to see him try to smile and all the gray wrinkles a-tremblin round his mouth," she added cheerfully.

"I don't see what ailed him, not to watch," said Mrs. Dean helplessly, not knowing the meaning of the word honor.

"I don't see, neither."

"Well, watch or no watch, he's been a mighty sick lookin man ever since. He looks as if he'd been pulled through a knothole. A man with a cancer or a case of appendikitis couldn't look much worse."

"That's so," said Mrs. Dean.

"Oh, mercy, my bread!" exclaimed Mrs. Hostetter, getting up excitedly. "I must run or it'll be spoilt."

"We'll have to take this here dove color door in hand," called Mrs. Dean after her. "If he can't put a stop to it, I guess we can. We can't have any such goin ons in this neighborhood."

Mrs. Frazer closed the door carefully after Mrs. Hostetter and returned to the sitting room. She sat down and looked at Mrs. Dean. Mrs. Dean looked at her. Both smiled.

"It takes lots of folks to make a world," said Mrs. Dean. "The idea of her a-makin out so about other people's actin ups. Look at her husband—the whole town a-talkin about him. I reckon if women knew all that's bein said about their husbands they wouldn't be so fresh a-talkin about others."

"Yes," said Mrs. Frazer slowly, "but ain't that awful about Mis' Mayhew? I can't git over her a-havin such a virtuous lookin front door. I'll never trust dove color ag'in as long as the Lord gives me breath. If you'd 'a' told me to hunt up the length and the breadth of this hull town for an innocent lookin house," she added, with great solemnity, "I'd 'a' pointed out that one."

Mrs. Dean arose slowly. "I don't know but what I would of, too," she said, with a deep sigh. "Well, I've got to go too. I ain't got a week's bake ready to go in the oven—I get mine all done on the proper bakin day—but I've a plenty to do."

Mrs. Frazer went to the door with her. She bade her good afternoon there, but when Mrs. Dean had reached the gate Mrs. Frazer ran heavily down the steps and stood on the walk. She stood with her body balanced backward, holding one hand arched over her eyes. The wind was strong. It streamed her light gown out in flapping folds and gave bold glimpses of her thick ankles. "Oh, say, Mis' Dean," she called out, lifting her voice importantly, "I'll drop in tomorrow sure and let you know where that trunk went to!"

It was an afternoon in spring. The firs had pushed out their new growth of pale delicate green. The saps had mounted through swelling veins and blown their spicy fragrance through the air. The shadbush was in white and fringy bloom. The wild currant hung her red clusters of beauty over the creek that went foaming down to the sound. Out in the woods the salmon berry's crimson bells swung fairy music for those who were born with the gift of divine hearing. In shallow ponds and marsh places the mellow throated frogs murmured day and night. The red vested robin rocked in the dappled alder's top and sang his sweet but few noted love lyric to his sweetheart. The beautiful skunk cabbage had lifted its pale waxen candles from out the broad green leaves. The ferns were thrusting their bent heads through the moist earth like mottled silver serpents. The meadows and the hillsides had run to yellow with dandelions and buttercups.

You are very, very pretty!
You are very, very sweet!

called the red vested robin, and Mrs. Mayhew, hanging up her birdcage at the right of the dove colored door, thrilled with sudden joy and lifted her eyes to the tall alder tree. Surely that was Spring herself tiptoeing across the hills in her pale green gown, with blown golden hair about her and the laughter of rills following after her footsteps. There was a wreath of star flowers around her brow, and about her waist was a buttercup zone. Her breath had the sweetness of a wild rose thicket, and she bore the attar of lost ecstasy in the pink cup of her hand. And, ah, the irresistible lure of her!

Then a cloud fell upon Mrs. Mayhew's face. She turned with a sigh and entered the house. Her brow was lined deep with care.

A sweeter faced woman than she had never come to that western town. She had laughed and sung herself, in sheer happiness, into every one's heart. The men admired her; the women loved her; her husband adored her. For two years she had been the envied leader of all—the most beautiful, the most gracious, the most accomplished of her sex.

Then the change came. The choir, the church, the Red Cross society, knew her no more. She was not well, she said, and her white face and dark circled eyes were silent witnesses in proof of the assertion. At first there was wonder, then curiosity, then a putting together of heads and gossip.

Mrs. Mayhew suspected nothing. There were other things to occupy her thoughts. Life was holding another cup, a new cup, to her lips, and she was drinking it without a murmur. The gravest sin one can commit against her neighbors is to bear a trouble in silence without taking them into her confidence. This sin Mrs. Mayhew had committed. People of a certain belief, endeavoring to explain their conception of sin and its inevitable punishment to unenlightened minds, usually assure us in childlike argument that "if we put our hands into the fire we will be burned." When Mrs. Mayhew "kept things" from her neighbors, she was unconsciously putting her small hand into a hot fire. A day was to come when she would take it out, only to learn that it was too late for remedies to be of avail.

On this spring day, then, she hung the birdcage on the right side of the innocent looking door. A few moments later a man came hurrying from the dark wood. She opened the door at once and admitted him.

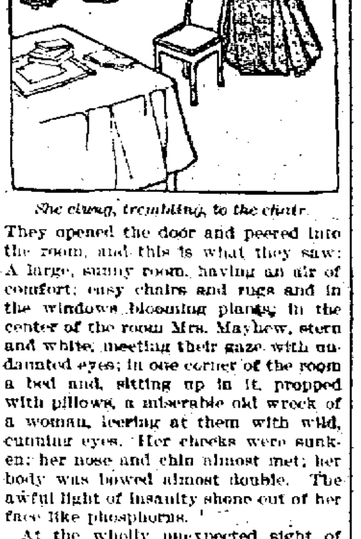
Twenty minutes later Mrs. Dean, Mrs. Frazer and Mrs. Hostetter stood before the same door and looked at one another. Their hearts had pumped the blood all away from their faces.

"Shall we knock?" questioned Mrs. Dean in a thin whisper.

"Knock!" said Mrs. Hostetter's uncompromising bass. "And give him time to hide? What's the use in comin if we don't take 'em by surprise? Let me git a-holt of that door handle. You both look as white as pillowslips. I'll lead the way. I ain't afraid."

The door swung open readily, and they rustled and swished into the wide hall. They closed the door behind them and stood listening. The hall ran clear through the house, with rooms opening into it on both sides. From a room at the farther end a murmur of voices came faintly through a closed door. They looked at one another and nodded their heads silently.

Down the hall, huddled together like frightened sheep—only sheep are innocent things and harmless—went Mrs. Hostetter, Mrs. Frazer and Mrs. Dean.



She clung, trembling, to the chair.

They opened the door and peered into the room, and this is what they saw: A large, sunny room, having an air of comfort; easy chairs and rugs and in the windows blooming plants. In the center of the room Mrs. Mayhew, stern and white, meeting their gaze with undaunted eyes; in one corner of the room a bed and, sitting up in it, propped with pillows, a miserable old wreck of a woman, leering at them with wild, cunning eyes. Her cheeks were sunken; her nose and chin almost met; her body was bowed almost double. The awful light of insanity shone out of her face like phosphorus.

At the wholly unexpected sight of her the three women huddled closer together, horrified and aghast.

"Hey, hey!" cried the old creature, with a dreadful laugh. "Why don't you give the ladies a cheer? Be they ladies or be n't they? If they be, why don't you give 'em a cheer?"

Then, with her heart beating till it seemed to shake her slight body, Mrs. Mayhew spoke. "To what am I indebted for this unexpected visit?"

Mrs. Hostetter's speech had been long prepared and committed to memory, but not a word of it came. Whatever the three women had expected to find behind that dove colored door, it was certainly not that bed and its dread occupant. The room seemed whirling around them. Mrs. Hostetter endeavored to give utterance to some of her carefully prepared sentences and failed dismally. Finally she faltered out, "We—we—that is—we wanted to have a talk with you."

"Well?"

"We—we've seen for a long time that somethin was a-goin on right under our very noses," her voice strengthened as she went on, "and we concluded we'd come and have a talk with you."

"Well?"

"We've seen you hang that birdcage out on the right hand side of the door, and then we've seen that fellow come and stay and stay. We don't propose to have such goin ons right under our noses. You've got him hid here somewheres now. If your husband can't put a step to it, we can."

She paused, and there was intense silence for a moment. Then the old woman cried out: "Why don't you give 'em a cheer? Be they ladies or be n't they?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Mayhew and laughed out scornfully, but almost instantly her face showed contrition.

"Oh, I didn't mean that!" she cried, turning imploringly to the women. "I beg that you will forgive me. I know you mean this in kindness, but your words cut my heart like knives."

"Oh, we didn't calculate to be received on two chips," piped out Mrs. Dean. "We braced up to do our dooty like Christians, no matter how hard we might be insulted." Her voice was as sharp as her face.

"You can't deceive us an atom," put in Mrs. Frazer, determined to have her laurels, too, "not an atom. We have seen everything. We have even seen the cold feelin's betwixt you and Mr. Mayhew, a man that this hull town, from one end to the other, looks up to. Everybody has seen the cold feelin's that's come betwixt you."

Now, indeed, Mrs. Mayhew was like a white lily smitten and crushed by a storm. She clung, trembling, to the chair and looked at them with dark, terrified eyes.

"This—this is my mother," she faltered. "She is old and feeble, and she—she had trouble. It affected her mind. I had her brought here so I could care for her as a daughter should." She gathered courage as she went on. "He—my husband—did not wish it. He thought it would be too much for my strength, would make me ill. But it would have killed me to see her taken"— She burst out into wild sobbing. "I couldn't. But he was angry. Oh, he made it hard for me to do my duty to her! I almost went mad myself. I gave up everything, and there was so much work. I could not have even one servant. I could not bear that any one should know. She was my mother, my dear, faithful mother! My heart has bled night and day, but I have done my duty by her. He has made it hard for me, but it has been hard for him too. He does not see it in the right light. He loves me so tenderly that he feels my duty is to him only. There has been trouble between us because of it. Have you not seen that he looks ill"—

"We have seen that," interrupted Mrs. Hostetter deliberately. "He looks mighty ill. Most men would—to get anonymous letters a-tellin 'em that their wife hung out birdcages on the right side of doors and that then men come a-sneakin there"—

"Oh, surely," said Mrs. Mayhew, gazing at her with wide, fascinating eyes, "no one would be so cruel! Why, he knew all about it. He is in the house now. And, then, to hurt him with such a letter, to let him know that I was suspected! And [illegible] told me! He [illegible] sake, in silence!"

"Oh, he's in the house now, [illegible]?" cried Mrs. Dean in her shrill staccato. "You'd like us to believe that, wouldn't you? You'd like to make us believe he knows all about the man you've got hid somewheres here now."

"Nothing would make us believe your husband is in this house now [illegible] seen him in the flesh and blood," said Mrs. Hostetter solemnly. "May the Lord have mercy on you for a sinful woman! Your only hope of salvation is to make a full confession of your sins. Bring out the partner of your guilt!" she exhorted in a loud voice. "Bring him out and let him suffer the awful effects of his secret sin! Nothin can save either of you but to be purged with fire. Mebbe you think it was pleasant for us to come here and be insulted? We've done our duty as Christian women, and we're ready to leave it all to the Lord. Bring out the partner of your guilt!"

Her voice faltered. The door of an inner room had opened. A young man came slowly toward them.

Not greatly like a triumphant lover looked he. He was pale and haggard. The three women started and grasped hold of one another convulsively. He faced them with an air of desperation.

"You want to know who I am?" he said. "She'd die or lose her reputation forever before she'd tell you, but I'll tell you. I'm her brother, the son of her mother. I live in a hut up in the forest, and I don't dare to show my wretched face to man. I'm an escaped convict from the penitentiary, where I went for forgery. I was guilty too. It is my fault that my old mother sits there in bed a gibbering idiot. It is my fault that this awful burden is on my sister. Yet twice a week for months she has been letting me come here because my mother knows me and is calmed by my presence. Only an angel would have clung to such an abandoned wretch as I am and tried to make a man of him. She has never once reproached me, never once lost faith that I will yet be a man. Her husband, modest ladies, knows all about my coming. The birdcage was not hung out to inform me that he was not at home, but that none of her kindly interested neighbors was making an afternoon visit. Since you have known of my visits for six months I am almost stunned with wonder that you did not drop in before. I marvel, in fact, that you did not take up your bed and board in this unhappy home. Your delicate self repression fills me with admiration."

He paused for a second, in absolute need of breath. When he spoke again a glance at his sister's face, which showed signs of deep suffering, had changed his look and tone. "Well," he said deliberately, "you have invaded the sacredness of my sister's home. You have wormed out her sorrowful secrets. You have tried to estrange her husband from her. You have hounded down a guilty, repentant wretch who had nothing left but to bear his mother and sister, whose lives he had ruined and who must now start out again on his lonely wandering with no place in which to lay his head. You belong to the church. You call yourselves Christians. Are these the things Christ taught you to do? Are th[illegible]"

"Hey, hey!" cried the old creature on the bed. "What's all this fuss about?" She peered at them with dreadful eyes. The pupils were like little [illegible] bullets. "Why don't you give 'em a cheer? They don't look like ladies, but give 'em a cheer anyhow."

"And now," concluded the young man, walking to the door of the inner room and throwing it open, "my sister's husband will say a few words to you, and then we will regretfully permit you to depart."

When the three women became convinced that it was really Mr. Mayhew who was entering, their faces were things to behold and remember. Mrs. Frazer confessed afterward that she had a "giddy feelin, as if she'd let all holts go." The very carpet itself went up and down in waves under her. Mrs. [illegible] shrank back against the wall for support. Mrs. Hostetter's fine [illegible] feathers drooped, but she stood her ground bravely.

Mr. Mayhew advanced and stood beside his wife. He was pale and worn looking. He spoke in quiet, even tones.

"I have heard all that my wife said, although she did not mean for me to hear it, and I am glad. She spoke the truth. I have been jealous of her devotion to her mother. It made me miserable, and I in turn made her miserable by my hardness and coldness. Until this hour I have been unable to appreciate the unselfishness and nobility of her character. Her brother, too, has spoken the truth. The letter which one of you must have been so kind as to write me made me feel more bitter toward my wife for having placed us both in false positions. I brooded over it without telling her. But, foreseeing that sooner or later the author of the letter would make the visit of investigation which you are now doing us the honor to make, I have remained at home every Tuesday and Friday since to protect my wife when she needed me. My wife"—without looking at her he reached out for her hand, which she gave him quickly and silently, drawing nearer to him—"is a woman who will let me atone and make her so happy that she will forgive me. Henceforth I shall bear her burdens and help her to do her duty. Now you know all. And now, as you have gratified your curiosity in what you are probably pleased to consider a truly Christian manner and spirit, we shall be glad to be left alone to bear as best we may the bitterness and the humiliation which you have heaped upon us."

They got themselves out of the house somehow. Their faces were of a dull red. Their breathing was somewhat hurried. "If I ever in all my born days!" said Mrs. Dean. She cast a baffled look up at the birdcage as she passed. "I declare I most wish to mercy we hadn't gone!"

"I don't believe a word of it!" cried out Mrs. Frazer, lifting her dress high on both sides. "There's somethin a-goin on. The brass of 'em a-tellin a story like that to our faces! I guess we'd better not breathe it to a soul."

"Breathe it!" said Mrs. Hostetter in a deep voice. She was walking on, leading the retreat with [illegible] steps, even though her skirts were dragging a little. "I'll tell it to the length and breadth of this hull town!"

The Kaiser Waited.

A woman of high social distinction in America was presented to the kaiser at some dinner that was not attended with royal state. She was talking to him when she was offered a dish of German salad. It was handed on her right, and the kaiser was on her left, which put her in a predicament. She did not dare turn her face from the emperor to help herself to the salad. The situation was too much for her. The emperor, seeing the condition at a glance, looked at her for an instant and laughed as he said, "A kaiser can wait, but a salad cannot."

McKean County Miner
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

SMETHPORT, THURSDAY, AUG., 22 1901.

Republican Ticket.

FOR SUPREME COURT JUDGE
WILLIAM P. POTTER
of Pittsburg.

FOR STATE TREASURER
FRANK G. HARRIS
of Clearfield.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER,
A. W. BOYD,
of Bradford.

FOR CORONER,
B. H. HALL, M. D.,
of Bradford.

FOR COUNTY AUDITOR,
B. G. BARTLE,
of Port Allegany.

A STAGE was robbed in true western style last week between the North Creek end of the railroad and Blue Mountain Lake in the Adirondacks.

AT the Republican State convention held in Harrisburg yesterday, Judge William P. Potter of Pittsburg was nominated for Supreme Court Judge and Representative Frank G. Harris of Clearfield for State Treasurer. These were the only names presented and the nominations were made by acclamation.

CAPT. WM. ANDREWS and Miss Mary C. South of Pleasantville, N. J., were married at Atlantic City last Sunday. For their honeymoon trip they will cross the Atlantic in a boat 14 feet long, 6 feet 6 inches wide and 3 feet 6 inches deep. They will start next Wednesday. Capt. Andrews has previously crossed the ocean twice in a similar boat.

SAMUEL WEBSTER, a Democrat and farmer of Frost Hollow, Pa., has started to drive his team of twin oxen to Canton, O., where he will present them to President McKinley as the result of a bet on the last presidential election. Had Bryan been elected Arad Horton would have driven his team of horses to Lincoln, Neb., and presented them to Wm. J. Bryan. The delivery of the oxen was delayed by an injury to the owner.

JOHN WANAMAKER'S North American has attacked ex-Governor Robert E. Pattison and accuses him of being a ringster and various other things. Wanamaker has tried to run the politics of this State for a number of years but the masses don't seem to take kindly to him. The Republicans shook him some time ago and he then built hopes on fusion, but the leading Democrats do not seem to take kindly to his schemes. He is about to the end of his political rope.

Summary Justice.

There was a disturbance in New York not long ago. A starved, tired, sick horse was dragging a truck loaded with coping stones along Broadway. Its strength gave out and it dropped. The driver belabored the wretched animal with a heavy whip, jerked with all his strength upon the reins and finally pulled the horse up to its knees. Then he renewed his beating.

This performance caused a crowd to gather, and it was not long before the temper of that crowd became warmer than even the high temperature of an August day would warrant. The driver was warned to stop, and threatening gestures were made in his direction, but he was a stubborn sort of person and the more the crowd talked the more fiercely he thrashed the horse. He finally succeeded in driving away, but at the pace he was able to go the crowd could easily keep up with him, and did. When he began to beat the horse once more the crowd closed in on him, and a policeman of the Broadway squad arrived on the scene. Then the crowd began to tell the policeman what to do. One well dressed man said, "Arrest him, officer, and I'll make a complaint." The driver, his temper now up as high as that of the crowd, declined to get off his seat, and there was a general cry of "Pull him off that truck."

It did not take long to do it. A dozen people hustled the man off his seat and some more unhitched the horse, and an elderly man gave the prisoner a cordial blow on the side of his face. He did not need to follow the Biblical injunction to turn the other cheek, for there were people on the other side of him ready to attend to that cheek, and two or three chorus girls hit him over the head with their umbrellas. Altogether, he spent the next few minutes being hustled about and thrashed, while the horse rested and looked on, and it is to be hoped that the animal enjoyed it. As soon as the policeman could get through the crowd he marched his prisoner off to jail.

Of course, it is not to be argued that it is always best for the public to take the law into its own hands, but there are times when it seems to be unavoidable. If the man had been maltreating a woman or a small boy on Broadway at that time of day, or at any time when there was a crowd about, he would probably have been made to suffer quite as severely, and the spectators would not have waited for the police. The kind of rascal who is given to pounding those who are manifestly unable to defend themselves against him knows perfectly well that the public will not stand any doings of that sort in public. He therefore confines that sort of brutality to the privacy of his own home. He has quite enough intelligence and self-control to do that. There is no reason why he should not be made to feel the same need of self-restraint in the case of a horse or any other dumb animal. The trouble has been hitherto that the public conscience was not sufficiently awake to notice whenever a big, rough bully thrashed a horse. It should be thus awakened. It is just as proper for a crowd to stop that sort of proceeding as for the passer-by to interfere to stop any other sort of misdemeanor until the police arrive. One cannot feel sorry for the individual who figures in this case. He was big, strong and healthy, and he suffered for a few minutes a modified form of the misery he had inflicted on a wretched, sick, half starved animal whose life he had made a perpetual calvary.

Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON Aug. 19, 1901.

European press comments upon American policy or what the European editors regard as such are always more or less amusing, but those cabled over alleging that the present revolution and war between Colombia and Venezuela—it seems to be a combination of both, has been instigated by the Government of the United States for the purpose of opening the way for an excuse to take forcible possession of the Isthmus of Panama, are more than amusing; they are ridiculous. The European editors write of the gathering of great fleets of American warships on both sides of the Isthmus, when, as a matter of fact there isn't a single warship within ten days' sail of either the Atlantic or the Pacific side of the Isthmus, and only three, two small vessels and the battleship Iowa, have been ordered to Panama waters, and neither Secretary Hay nor Acting Secretary Hackett, both of whom are familiar with the situation on the Isthmus has any idea that either of them will have any serious work to do after they get there, which will not be before the first week in September. Publications in our own yellow journals are in a measure responsible for the misinformation of European editors. Our own people know how much their wild statements are worth; the Europeans do not.

The latest story about the Schley Court of Inquiry, alleging that the Navy Department would not furnish Schley with a list of its witnesses, was remarkable only for the ignorance it showed concerning the methods of the Department. It is the invariable rule of the Department to furnish the officer who asks for a Court of Inquiry with a list of the witnesses summoned by the Department, as soon as it is fully made up, and the rule will not be departed from in the Schley case. Schley's three lawyers were at the Department to-day and submitted to Acting Secretary Hackett, a complete list of the witnesses chosen by Admiral Schley.

Hon. Thomas H. Carter, ex-Senator from Montana, and ex-chairman of the Republican National Committee, who is now at the head of the United States Commission for the St. Louis exposition, has been in Washington several days in company with ex-Gov. Francis of Missouri, who is at the head of the exposition organization, looking after the foreign interests of the Exposition, and the forwarding through the Department of State of the President's proclamation, inviting the participation of all nations in the Exposition. Speaking of the matter, Mr. Carter said: "The President will issue the proclamation in a few days and the Exposition will then be officially inaugurated. Everything promises that the St. Louis Exposition will eclipse anything of the kind ever held in the world. Close study of the best points of every International Exposition has been made and the best features of each adopted. There will be a wealth of original conceptions and a magnificence of detail, together with a general world representation, which will make the Louisiana Purchase Exposition worthy of the new century and of the great territory; the acquisition of which has added so much to the wealth and prestige of the country."

The statistics of the native population of Hawaii for the last half century present an interesting study, showing a decrease so large and steady that if it be kept up another half century there will practically be no natives or descendants of natives left on the island. In 1853, when the first authentic census was taken, there were 71,019 natives on the island. Each succeeding census has shown a smaller number, the last showing only 29,834 natives, and 7,835 part Hawaiians.

It is up to those who sneer at the weather bureau whenever it falls down in predicting the weather from day to day to give it credit for having saved many thousands, possibly millions of dollars worth of property in New Orleans and Mobile by its timely warning of the approach of last week's tropical hurricane, not to mention the saving of human life. There isn't the slightest doubt that the weather bureau by its storm warnings alone saves each year many times its cost.

Commissioner of Patents Allen has just had to perform a duty that was as disagreeable as it is rare in the Government service—to recommend the dismissal of a prominent official for theft. The dismissed official was Edward V. Shepard, who has been Chief Clerk of the Patent Office since June 1898. The amount stolen was the trifling sum of $89.05, but money has been stolen from letters received by the Patent Office for a long time past, and the thief had gone undetected. In a public statement Commissioner Allen said: "An investigation was made to determine who had taken these funds, resulting in my being forced to the conclusion by the character of the evidence produced that no others could have done it, and that the Chief Clerk of this office had taken them. I then recommended to the Secretary the dismissal of the Chief Clerk, and it was done." The Chief Clerk was bonded for $5,000 and the Government will lose nothing by his theft. Whether he will be criminally prosecuted or not has not been definitely determined.

Allegheny Summer School.

Sunday school teachers of junior and primary classes assembled in the College for Women, East End, Pittsburg, to the number of two hundred and twenty-five for a week's study and instruction in organization and methods of teaching. The school was organized and equipped with a remarkable faculty by the State Sunday School Association. Mrs. J. W. Barnes, State Superintendent of Primary Work, assisted by Mrs. Alice B. Hamlin, had charge of the Primary section; Mrs. M. G. Kennedy, of Philadelphia, Junior work; Prof. Van Ormer, of Gettysburg College, of Child Study, and Miss Florence H. Darnell, of Blackboard Sketching and Drawing. There was special interest taken in the school by such men as H. J. Heinz, Esq., S. E. Gill, Peter Dick, W. C. Lilley, Capt. Herbert and other prominent Sabbath school leaders and business men in Pittsburg.

Sunday Rates and Special Train via B., B. & K. Ry.

Every Sunday during August and September the B., B. & K. Ry. will run a special train for Kane and Kinzua Bridge and intermediate stations, leaving Smethport at 11 a. m. Returning, arrive at Smethport at 6:30 p. m. Fare to Kinzua Bridge 40c, Mt. Jewett 45c, Kane 95c.

Just a Difference of Methods.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

They have been making a good deal of fuss in English railroad circles over a locomotive which has been in service for thirty-one years and which during that time has covered four million miles of ground. They say that such a case could probably not be found in any other country and that certainly no parallel for it could be discovered in the United States. Here is a locomotive which has been running for all that length of time with a near approach to continuity and which has traveled all these millions of miles and yet it is still doing its daily stunts and has an indeterminate number of years of life before it yet. Then they held up their hands in admiration and tell one another that this little incident conclusively demonstrates the great superiority of British over American workmanship. An American locomotive would have been worn out, they say, in less than half that time.

It certainly would. That admission may be prompt and cheerfully made, and our British friends are welcome to all the encouragement and satisfaction which they can derive from the situation thus exhibited. But the fact is that, rightly considered and properly interpreted, the circumstance in which they find some solace for a pride which has been sorely wounded of late and in which they recognize an evidence of the superiority of their own methods indicates one of the causes which have led to their loss of ground in the great race of commercial competition. They build things to last and they are proud of it.

Well, that is a merit in its way and within its proper limits, but the British overdo it. They fail to take into account the important element of progress. They forget that the world is moving forward and that those who would be successful must so arrange their affairs as to enable them to move with it.

They lay their plans and construct their machinery upon the assumption that things are going to remain indefinitely just as they are at any given moment. They omit from their calculations any allowance for the march of improvement, whose precise character cannot be foreseen, but whose occurrence is as certain as the rising of to morrow's sun. American machinery is designed and constructed to last, not forever, not even for as long as possible, but until it is likely that something better will be placed upon the market. When that happens the old stuff is thrown out upon the junk heap and the latest thing is installed. In that way the American keeps in step with the procession at a minimum of expense. It costs something to do it, but the investment is a profitable one and it is to the pursuance of this course that the United States owes a large measure of the commercial and industrial supremacy to which it has attained.

The British have not yet learned their lesson, although they are beginning to catch dim glimpses of its significance. They make their things to last, to last as long as possible, to last ever so long. The longer they last the better they are pleased, and of course they never sacrifice the plant which has been constructed upon these principles. That would be contrary to the accepted system. It has been made to emulate the endurance of the everlasting hills, and just so long as it can go through its intended motions it will be admired and cherished and retained. The consequence is that England is full of "plants" which while they may retain their effectiveness, have become hopelessly obsolete in pattern and which disqualify those who use them from competing successfully with rivals who make it a practice to keep themselves equipped with the latest and the best.

The Briton likes to say that he is conservative, that his motto is slow but sure, and so on. That's all very well, but that old motto of his won't work now a days, or rather it works in a manner not intended. The fellow who's slow is sure, all right—sure to get left.

No Woman Suffrage in Alabama.

Philadelphia Press.

The attempt to establish woman suffrage in Alabama by a clause in the new Constitution has failed. In the session of the constitutional convention at Montgomery last week Thursday, a motion was made to permit women residing in cities and paying taxes on $500 worth of real estate to vote on questions of municipalities incurring debt or issuing bonds. The motion was adopted by a vote of sixty-five in favor to forty-five against. But on the following day this action was reconsidered and the proposition defeated by an overwhelming vote.

So there will be no woman suffrage in Alabama for the present, at least. If the clause had been retained in the Constitution Alabama would have been the first of the Southern States to take such action. Woman suffrage has found little or no favor in the South. Of all the constitutional amendments offered in recent years granting the right to vote to women no one of them has been submitted by a Southern State. The reason is obvious. If all women were included the colored vote would be doubled, and the task of nullifying the vote of the colored men has been found difficult enough without including the vote of the colored women. So women suffrage has found no favor in the South.

The Alabama suffrage proposition would have admitted only a limited number of women to the polls had it been allowed to stand. But the possibility of there being a few colored women among this number was fatal to the proposition. As the Mobile Register says: "There was at work a strong feeling that it would never do to have the negro women at the polls, with the possibility of contact on the same level of the white and negro women of the State." "There is no prospect then of woman suffrage in the South until the colored suffrage question is settled. And doubtless they are wise in dealing with one question at a time.

The McKean County *Miner* at Atlantic City.

For the convenience of our readers who may visit Atlantic City this summer we have arranged to have the latest files of the MCKEAN COUNTY MINER always on file at the Philadelphia Inquirer's Seashore Bureau on Young's Pier at that popular resort. The Inquirer has, at great expense, fitted up commodious reading and writing rooms on Young's Pier where every attention will be shown its guests.

Attendance at Exhibition.

Philadelphia Press.

The period for keeping open the Pan American Fair at Buffalo was half over on August 1. The gates will be closed on October 31, and the question is being asked whether the attendance is going to reach the estimates and so make the enterprise pay for itself. The latter half of the time during which an exhibition is open to the public invariably shows the larger attendance. There are good reasons for this. No fair is ready at the opening. It needs from six to eight weeks to complete the preparations, and the large number of people want to wait until the show is fully in order. Then the cool fall months are more pleasant than the summer for sight seeing, and, besides, it needs time to awaken the enthusiasm of the public over such an enterprise.

All these factors are in force in respect to the Buffalo Fair, as they were in connection with every other fair, but to just what degree it cannot be told until the final summing up comes. It is possible, however, to give some estimate of what the total attendance at the Pan American will be by comparing the attendance so far with the attendance on a similar enterprise during the same time. The following table gives the number of visitors at Chicago and Buffalo from May 1 to August 1, and also the total number of admissions at the former fair: Chicago, first half, 7,505,163; Buffalo, 2,721,908. Chicago, second half, 20,034,058; Buffalo, ———. Total, Chicago, 27,539,521; Buffalo, ———.

According to this statement 27 per cent of the total attendance at Chicago appeared between May 1 and August 1. If the admissions at Buffalo up to August 1 constitute the same percentage of the total attendance the number of admissions at at Buffalo will be about 10,092,251. This will be an encouraging number, considering the scope of the Buffalo fair and the density of population within the radius from which such an enterprise must always draw the larger part of its visitors. It is just about the number that visited the Centennial Exposition in this city and the Paris fair of 1867. The original estimates for the Pan-American were 15,000,000 visitors, but such calculations are rarely justified by the results, and it will be no surprise if they fail at Buffalo.

The two exhibitions now in course of preparation will probably meet the same disappointment that the Buffalo and other enterprises of the kind have if they put their estimates of attendance too high. The Charleston, S. C., Exhibition, which opens after the Buffalo fair closes, will probably attract fewer visitors than the latter. The surrounding population is thin and the distance to be traveled will deter a large outside attendance. But the St. Louis fair of 1903 will probably be able to count an attendance as large, or larger, than the Chicago fair held ten years earlier. The scope of the preparations, the ample funds to draw upon and the widespread interest shown all bespeak a large success. The attendance, in fact, may surpass anything of the kind known in this country and make a record future fairs will find it difficult to break.

Grange Picnic.

The 28th Annual Great Grangers' Picnic Exhibition will be held at Williams Grove, the week beginning August 26th. The exhibition of farm machinery will surpass that of any former year and undoubtedly will be the greatest ever held in the Eastern States. The beauty of the exhibit will be that so much of it will be running. Five saw-mills, two shingle mills, at least 15 traction engines and threshers together with numerous fodder cutters and other small machinery will make this grand old grove a hive of industry.

During the week the platform of the large Auditorium which seats 2,500 people will be occupied by prominent Grangers, agriculturists, educators and politicians.

The evening entertainments will consist of concerts and illustrated lectures Thursday and Friday evenings Frank R. Roberson on Japan and The Philippines.

A special effort will be made to put on an up-to-date midway, embodying the best tented attractions obtainable. They will be run under the special direction of a professional Street Fair Promoter, and nothing immoral or objectionable will be tolerated. Any woman or child can attend any show on the ground without fear of being offended. The principal shows engaged are A Troupe of ten Bedouin Arabs in Lofty Tumbling, Pyramid Building, Gun Spinning, Whirling Dervishes, Etc. McGuire's Educated Horses, eight in number, are the best in the business. The big Eli Ferris Wheel, 15 ft. high. Lunette—The Flying Lady. A Miniature Railroad, a perfect locomotive 24 inches high and ten cars, seating 2 people each. Great novelty.

No admission fee to the ground and a one fare carries you from your station to Williams' Grove and return.

Reduced Rates to Louisville.

On account of the Triennial Conclave of the Knights Templar, to be held in Louisville, Ky., August 27 to 31, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from August 22 to 25, inclusive, to Louisville and return at rate of one first-class fare for the round trip. These tickets will be good to return until September 2, inclusive, but if ticket is deposited by the original purchaser with Joint Agent at Louisville not earlier than August 28 nor later than September 2, and a fee of fifty cents is paid at the time of deposit, an extension of the return limit may be had until September 16th.

"Through the months of June and July our baby was teething and took a running off of the bowels and sickness of the stomach," says O. P. M. Holliday of Deming, Ind. "His bowels would move from five to eight times a day. I had a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in the house and gave him four drops in a teaspoonful of water and he got better at once." Sold by H. C. Wells.

How Are Your Kidneys?
Dr. Hobbs' Sparagus Pills cure all kidney ills. Sample free. Add. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y.

For Stylish
Millinery
Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.
Our Line of
Trimmed Hats
Contains Many
Beautiful
Creations, that
Will be Sold
At and
Below Cost.

SHOES THAT BURST
AND SHOES THAT DON'T.

There is no question about the kind you want. And there is none about the kind we sell.

The "Don't Burst" shoes fill every box on every shelf in the store. And besides possessing this good feature they possess many others which will recommend them.

OUR $3.00 MEN'S CALF SHOES

are models of elegance and have that durability which only good leather gives.

Anderson & Carlson
SMETHPORT PA.

Shirt
Waists
Below
Wholesale
Cost.
J. COLEGROVE.
106 Main Street.

Useless help
Wrong tools
Poor material 150
Bad system 400
Lack of knowledge 50

THE OLD-FASHIONED
PLUMBER'S BILL

where you paid for ignorance and dishonesty was very high and caused much dissatisfaction. Our bill like our

PLUMBING WORK

is of the new-fashioned style. You pay for honest work done by competent workmen, who have at their disposal, and use the best material procurable. All jobs are pushed through promptly, but no details are slighted.

We solicit your orders.

Palmer & Strong,
UNION 'PHONE 24.
REILLY BLOCK. Smethport.

Mansfield Normal School.
A Superior Trained School for Teachers.
This makes it the best possible school for those desiring a GENERAL EDUCATION.
Allied Departments, presided over in this school by specialists: College Preparatory, Art, Music, Elocution, Business.
TUITION FREE.
Beautiful buildings and surroundings, best of table board, commodious and pleasant rooms.
DISCIPLINE KIND BUT FIRM. The most elevating intellectual, moral and social influences.
Fall Term begins Sept. 3, 1901. Winter Term, Dec. 2, 1901.
For catalogue and other information address the Principal,
ANDREW THOMAS SMITH, Ph. D.,
Mansfield, Pa.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

St. Joseph's Academy.
TITUSVILLE, PA.
For Young Ladies, Little Girls and Boys
UNDER THE CARE OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY.
Complete course of English, German, French and Latin.
Private lessons in music, Stenography, Typewriting, Bookkeeping and other courses.
KINDERGARTEN.
Fancy work and Phonography. For full particulars apply to
The Mother Superior.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
BEST FOR THE BOWELS
10c. 25c. 50c. All Druggists.
Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk.
Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

A WOMAN
WITH AN

to her best interest will not only inspect but buy of us the GROCERIES she needs.

We have the largest and best selected stock and always sell at the lowest prices. The following are some of the things you need and of which we have a fresh supply:

Bananas, Oranges, Pears, Plums, Peaches, Canteloupes, Watermelons, Lemons, Limes, Peas, Beans and all kinds of Vegetables.

We have the finest line of canned and bottled goods in the town.

The purity of our goods we warrant, the prices are as low as they can be made, consistent with good and pure goods,

Shepard & Gallup.
Goods Delivered
Gallup Block Smethport, Pa

"THE FAMOUS,"
CLOTHING STORE.
Central Block. Smethport, Pa.
Look At The Display
in our window and you'll see among other great Bargains we offer this week:
$8.50 SUITS Marked Down to $6.00
$7.50 " " " $5.00
$4.50 " " " $1.95
$1.50 STRAW HATS Marked Down to .50
$1.25 " " " .65
At these prices they will not be in the window nor in the store very long. Such Bargains sell quickly therefore come early if you are interested.
WM. MONHEIMER.

Bicycle Repairing.
Having recently purchased of E. R. Vincent his stock and good will I am now prepared to do all kinds of
Bicycle and Light Repairing
I carry a full line of Bicycle Sundries and material for doing this branch of work. Give me a call when you want anything of this kind.
Sidney H. Brougham,
Cor. Water & Franklin Sts., SMETHPORT, PA.

WOMEN TREAT YOURSELVES
Medicones ARE WHAT YOU WANT
THEY CURE WHEN PHYSICIANS FAIL
ONE MONTH'S TREATMENT $1.00
[illegible] Hornellsville, N.Y.

CENTRAL
STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,
Lock Haven, Pa.
J. R. Flickinger, Principal.
Fall Term Opens September 9, 1901.
A training school of the first rank for teachers.
FREE TUITION
for prospective teachers. High grade faculty. Splendid equipment. College preparatory fits for the best colleges. Excellent courses in music, elocution and business. Expenses lower than in any other institution of equal rank. Remember tuition is absolutely free to prospective teachers who are seventeen years of age. Address for illustrated catalog.
THE PRINCIPAL.

NOTICE.

We, the Supervisors of Foster township, McKean county, Pennsylvania, having been directed to open a road in said township [illegible] the public road leading from [illegible] where the road leading to West Branch now intersects the same [illegible] as shown by order of Court [illegible] township line [illegible] opening of said road and the proper finishing of the same. The order of Court for the opening of said road, showing its courses and distances [illegible] office of F. W. Hastings in the city of Bradford [illegible] Records of the Court [illegible] Smethport, Pa. [illegible] entered. All bids to be submitted to either of the undersigned or may be left with F. W. Hastings at his law office in the city of Bradford, Pa. at any time [illegible] Monday, August 26th, 1901. The Supervisors reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

D. W. WRIGHT,
J. H. DIKEMAN,
Supervisors of Foster Township, McKean county, Pennsylvania.

NOTICE.

Whereas, we, the undersigned Supervisors of Foster township, McKean county, Pennsylvania, are proposing to issue bonds of the said township for the purpose of raising funds to pay off the indebtedness now outstanding against said township, the floating indebtedness in the form of orders or warrants that have been issued and now remain unpaid; and outstanding claims, and the cost and expense of opening certain public road as ordered by Court.

Now, therefore, this is to request all parties who hold judgments, debts or claims against said township to file statements of the same with either of the undersigned, or with F. W. Hastings, at his office in the city of Bradford, Pa., on or before Monday, September 2nd, 1901, so that it may be ascertained how many bonds it will be necessary to issue.

A prompt compliance with this request is urgently desired.

D. W. WRIGHT,
J. H. DIKEMAN,
Supervisors of Foster Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of Catherine [illegible] Sartwell, Pa., Aug. [illegible]

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION PROPOSED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as amendments to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:

Amendment One to Article Eight, Section One.

Add at the end of the first paragraph of said section, after the words "shall be entitled to vote at all elections," the words "subject however to such laws requiring and regulating the registration of electors as the General Assembly may enact," so that the said section shall read as follows:

Section 1. Qualifications of Electors. Every male citizen twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at all elections, subject however to such laws requiring and regulating the registration of electors as the General Assembly may enact:

1. He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month.
2. He shall have resided in the State one year (or, having previously been a qualified elector or native born citizen of the State, he shall have removed therefrom and returned, then six months,) immediately preceding the election.
3. He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least two months immediately preceding the election.
4. If twenty-two years of age and upwards, he shall have paid within two years a State or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months and paid at least one month before the election.

Amendment Two to Article Eight, Section Seven.

Strike out from said section the words "but no elector shall be deprived of the privilege of voting by reason of his name not being registered," and add to said section the following words, "but laws regulating and requiring the registration of electors may be enacted to apply to cities only, provided that such laws be uniform for cities of the same class," so that said section shall read as follows:

Section 7. Uniformity of Election Laws. All laws regulating the holding of elections by the citizens or for the registration of electors shall be uniform throughout the State, but laws regulating and requiring the registration of electors may be enacted to apply to cities only, provided that such laws be uniform for cities of the same class.

A true copy of the Joint Resolution.
W. W. GRIEST,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION PROPOSED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the Eighteenth article thereof.

Amendment.

Strike out section four of article eight, and insert in place thereof, as follows:

Section 4. All elections by the citizens shall be by ballot or by such other method as may be prescribed by law: Provided, That secrecy in voting be preserved.

A true copy of the Joint Resolution.
W. W. GRIEST,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of McKean county, Pennsylvania, by the school directors of the school district of Foster township, McKean county, Sept. 9th, 1901, under provisions of the Act of April 27, [illegible], for authority to borrow money and issue bonds therefor for the purpose of erecting a new school house at [illegible] in said school district of Foster township.

C. A. McFADDEN,
Secretary Board of Directors.

PASADENA
KIDNEY CURE. It Nourishes, Fortifies and Refreshes the Whole System.
COUGH BALSAM. Cures Catarrah, Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, Etc.
LINIMENT. The Great Remedy for Pains, Bruises and Burns.
PASADENA MEDICINE COMPANY, BRADFORD, PENNA.

Bell 'Phone 136. Union 'Phone 317.
Delicious and
Strengthening
You Will Find
Dotterweich's
Pure Beer,
Made from Pure Malt and Hops
Physicians Recommend It.
Write or Telephone for a case for family use.
DOTTERWEICH BREWING CO.,
OLEAN, NEW YORK.
Thomas S. Whitton, President.
On Sale at—Wright House, Commercial House.

Shillenn & Torrence,
The Leading Tailors,
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

All
Summer Goods
Sold at Cost,
At Store of
D. C. Young
Have a nice lot of LAWNS, GINGHAMS, WHITE GOODS, &c.
Only a few SHIRT WAISTS, WRAPPERS and SUITS left.
Call early and take your choice.
All will be sold at cost and for cash only.
D. C. YOUNG,
SMETHPORT, PA., July 29, 1901.

PALACE PHARMACY,
J. W. VOORHEES, PROP.,
RETAILER & JOBBER OF
DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES
TOILET ARTICLES, ETC.
SMETHPORT, - - PA.
Hammocks at Cost.
Only a Few Left.

25 CENTS SAVED.

From this date until August 30, 1901, we will allow all back subscriptions to be paid at the low rate of $1.00 per year. Remember this offer will only last until August 15, so don't fail to pay up in time. After that date the full rate of $1.25 will be charged ~~in all~~ cases.

THE McKEAN MINER,
SMETHPORT, PA.

Standard Fashion Sheets furnished Free. September supply just in.

FALL 1901.

We have a full line Standard Patterns

F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.

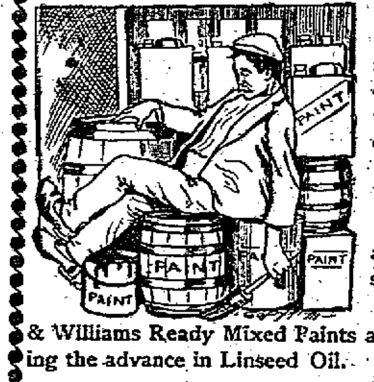
FIRST FALL GOODS.

Fashionable Fall Goods make their initial bow this week.

DRESS GOODS.
Satin Soliels,
Serge, Empress,
Poplin, Silk,
Cashmere.
Ladies' Fancy Neckwear,
Belts,
Belt Buckles,
Antique Belt Brooches.
Opera Shawls,
Furs.

End of the Season
Bargains

Boys' Suits,
Shirt Waists,
Ladies' Skirts,
Straw Hats,
Hammocks.



LAYING ON COLOR is not the whole thing. The color must be good or the job will not give satisfaction. Use our

PAINTS, OILS & COLORS

and the surface will be bright, smooth and lasting.

We are selling the Sherwin & Williams Ready Mixed Paints at the old price notwithstanding the advance in Linseed Oil.

H. H. Redfield,
Mason Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complete line of

Picture Mouldings

ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON. The Photographer,
Smethport, Pa.

Notice!

Having just moved into our new store, next to Fry & Herzog's, we invite you to call and note our low prices in millinery and ladies' summer furnishings.

MRS. A. K. HINMAN,
Next Door to Fry & Herzog's,
Smethport, Pa.

LUMBER
all kinds
Shingles
Lath
Doors
Windows
Lime
Porch Posts
Cements
Newels
Wall Plaster
Rail, &c.
Brick
Sewer Pipe
Tile Chimneys.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner
Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

SMETHPORT, THURSDAY, AUG. 22, 1901.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Read H. H. Redfield's new ad this week.

—Pay your subscription now and save he discount. See ad on second page.

—John Eberspacher has sold his team to Emporium parties. Consideration $400.

—Before you get that plumbing job done read Palmer & Strong's new ad in this issue.

—The Mason house on Union street is being repainted. Julius Hornlein is doing the work.

—Anderson & Carlson have a new ad this week which it will pay all admirers of good footwear to read.

—F. G. Lindholm & Co., the popular merchants, have a new ad this week which it will pay you to read.

—The Clarion State Normal School offers free tuition, an improved course of study and the best instruction by superior teachers.

—The many friends of Mrs. William Haines gave her a very pleasant farewell surprise party, Tuesday evening, at the home of Mrs. J. H. Green.

—"Doing business without advertising is much like winking at a pretty girl in the dark; you know what you are doing but nobody else does."—Ex.

—Rev. T. D. Ware, pastor of the Baptist church, has handed in his resignation to take effect three months from date. The resignation was accepted.

—Holmes & Gilfillan have a new ad this week which will be of interest to housekeepers. Don't fail to read it whether a housekeeper or not.

—"Contentment" is the Rev. G. H. Patterson's subject for next Sunday morning at the Methodist church. "The Tongue" is his evening subject.

—Lost, in this borough on Friday last, a green and white shield with gold letters. Finder will receive suitable reward by returning same to McCoy's drug store.

—J. M. Sloan of Bradford has received the contract for placing some new carpet in the court house. This is a sufficient guarantee that the work and material will be first-class.

—Hugh, the two-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs Joseph Wilcox, died of cholera infantum on Sunday last at their home on the Vincent farm, Keating township. The remains were taken to Allegany, N. Y., for burial.

—The window glass workers and the bottle glass workers started a game of ball yesterday afternoon, but rain interfered after two innings had been played. The bottle works team was ahead at that time. Score 6 to 5.

—Bradford Record, Monday: Mr. A. J. McKenna gave a clam-bake to about 60 of his friends at Kinzua Junction yesterday afternoon. The party left this city at 10 o'clock in Mr. McKenna's private car, returning in the evening.

—Wm. Haines and family have moved to Port Allegany, where Mr. Haines will work in the new glass factory. While we regret very much to lose these estimable people, we wish them success and pleasant surroundings in their new home.

—The invincible glassworkers had a narrow escape from defeat in a game of ball with the second nine here Monday afternoon, the glassworkers winning in the ninth inning. Score 5 to 4. It is said to have been the best game of the season.

—Port Allegany is liable to lose the Pancoast glass bottle works on account of trouble between the bottle company and the gas company. That big gas deal which landed the window glass factory may not turn out so good for Canoe Place after all.

—See the new broad-gauge advertisement of E. E. Ellison, the Bradford piano dealer, on the fourth page. The Booth Bros.' piano is among the most popular in the country and it would be well for those contemplating a purchase to examine them before making a selection. Mr. Ellison is always willing to talk piano with you.

—The Smethport Gun Club went up to Kane on Tuesday and shot a 400-bird match with the Kane Gun Club. As was expected the Smethport club was easily defeated. The Kane boys "killed" 299 clay birds while our boys had only 194 to their credit. The Smethport club has just been organized and after it gets traps, grounds, etc., and some practice, a return match will be shot at this place, when our club hopes to make a better showing. All shooters wishing to become members of the club should make application to F. D. Gallup.

—The members of the Valley Grange, No. 1190, Patrons of Husbandry, assisted by Liberty Grange, No. 1182, will hold a basket picnic on Wednesday, September 4, in the grove at Farmers Valley. A number of noted speakers will be present and a day of amusement and instruction is guaranteed. All are cordially invited to attend.

—Married, at the residence of the bride's parents in Clermont, on Wednesday, August 21, by Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Mr. Herman E. Dumjohn and Miss Laura Ann McKendricks. The happy couple are both popular young people of Clermont and the best wishes of a host of friends accompany them on their matrimonial voyage.

—One of the most enjoyable corn roasts of the season was held Monday night in the flattening rooms of the Camp glass works. All preparations had been made to have the roast on the Beckwith farm, above town, but inclement weather made that impossible, and the management of the factory came to the young people's assistance and offered the use of their building.

—On Tuesday, about noon, a cloud-burst on Prospect hill caused great alarm to residents of Duntley hollow. The water came rushing down the mountain side into the valley and swept everything before it. Water was three feet deep in the new barn of Frank Sherburne, nearly all fences were swept away and crops were badly washed out. Several small bridges were taken out and work was suspended for a time on Kane's railroad bridge.

—The boss barbers of Philadelphia have agreed that on and after September 1st notices shall be posted in their shops, informing their customers that tips will not be allowed and that employes detected in receiving them will be discharged. By way of recompense to the men, the bosses will agree to give them larger wages, shorter hours and a commission on the amount of business they bring. This is a practical way to break up a degrading and un-American practice. Now if the barbers' and waiters' unions would expel members who take tips and compel the employers to pay them fair wages by way of recompense this annoying practice could be done away with entirely.

—In the balmy lumbering days of this section it was not an unusual sight to see a wagon load of men drinking from bottles on Main street as they were driving home after a day's debauch. But such sights were far eclipsed last Saturday about 7 o'clock. Two men, two women and two small girls were driving down Main street when one of the men drew a bottle from his pocket and gave the women a drink. All but the children were apparently drunk and their actions were most disgusting. If these little ones are the offspring or under the guardianship of the older occupants of that wagon may a merciful and just Providence take them from this earth before they are old enough to realize their condition in life.

Ancient History.

How Smethport got its name is vouched for as follows: The Indian word for potato was nununda. The army scouts and guides swapped trinkets for a large invoice of tubers. Having a surplus and desiring to save them over the cold winter for use on a return trip they looked about for a suitable place and were directed to the present site of Smethport and just north of where the present Baptist church stands the interment was made, an old scout noting that they wouldn't freeze there as the place was the nearest to hell of any place he knew. The place was called Nununda and was Nununda for a good many years. The MINER office is said to be near the site of this old potato pit.—Eldred Eagle.

While the above is as near correct as the Eagle ever gets anything, there is not a word of truth in it. In the first place it is supremely ridiculous to assert that the aboriginal red men ever cultivated "a large invoice of tubers" to "swap" for trinkets or for any other purpose.

Smethport was never called Nunundah, but the creek flowing along the eastern boundary of the borough was called by that name by the Indians and is now known by the English equivalent for that word—Potato. The following is taken from the "History of McKean County," the Mr. Hamlin referred to being Orlo J. Hamlin, one of the pioneers of this county: "Mr. Hamlin, speaking on the name of Potato creek, stated that Indians in the long ago lost some potatoes in this stream through the upsetting of their canoe, and they called it Nunundah. In 1832 he placed a potato before an Indian school teacher, asking for its Indian name; the teacher replied, 'nunundah.' In after years he interviewed members of the Cornplanter and Seneca bands, who gave it the same name. The stream was also called 'Six's creek,' a Quaker name conferred by Francis King. Conondaw Conoenondaw were titles conferred by some old surveyors, likely in honor of some Indian who accompanied them, and in John Keating's letter to the county seat commissioners, he gives it the name 'Cononoclan.'"

From the notes of the King survey we take the following: "Running of the town lots of Smethport, etc. Twenty-fourth of the eighth month, 1807, left home to go to Smethport and landed at the mouth of our creek; 25th continued up the river and lodged at the mouth of Potato creek; 26th camped near the forks of the creek; 27th still raining; went up the small branch and built a camp and moved into it; 19th of the ninth month finished survey of the town." Thus it will be seen that ever since the town has had existence it has been Smethport, the first cabin having been built by Capt. Arnold Hunter in 1811 on the lot now occupied by Chas. E. Johnson, East Main street.

Eldred, on the other hand, was Allegheny Bridge until February 1880, when a petition presented in November, 1879, to the postmaster general substituting the present name was granted.

The writer of the above article also displays a lamentable ignorance of the geographical construction of this borough when he locates the MINER office "just north of where the present Baptist church stands."

A Good Thing.

German Syrup is the special prescription of Dr. A. Boschee, a celebrated German physician, and is acknowledged to be one of the most fortunate discoveries in Medicine. It quickly cures Coughs, Colds and all Lung troubles of the severest nature, removing, as it does, the cause of the affection and leaving the parts in a strong and healthy condition. It is not an experimental medicine, but has stood the test of years, giving satisfaction in every case, which its rapidly increasing sale every season confirms. Two million bottles sold annually. Boschee's German Syrup was introduced in the United States in 1868, and is now sold in every town and village in the civilized world. Three doses will relieve any ordinary cough. Price 75 cts. Get Green's Prize Almanac.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

Sunday Excursion to Bradford and Rock City.

Every Sunday during August and September the B., B. & K. Ry. will sell tickets from Smethport to Bradford and return at 75 cents, and to Rock City and return $1 each. Train leaves Smethport at 8:30 a. m. Returning, train arrives at Smethport at 6:30 p. m.

ANOTHER BIG FIRE.

McKean Bros.' Mill Completely Destroyed Monday Evening.

At about 9 o'clock Monday evening fire was discovered in the big saw mill of McKean Brothers in the eastern end of this borough and at 10:00 the large structure was a complete ruin, leaving Smethport the loser by one industry.

The hose company turned out and after a long and tiresome run reached the scene, but the mill was beyond all hope of saving. However, the firemen turned their attention to saving the docks and lumber adjacent to the burning building and in these efforts they were extremely successful. Not a pile of lumber was damaged and the docks and cars close to the mill were saved with little damage.

Like most cases where mills are destroyed by fire, the origin of this fire is a complete mystery. No nightwatch was employed but the man who had charge of oiling the machinery and taking care of the fires had been away but a few minutes when the fire broke out, and everything was in perfect order when he left. James A. McKean, senior member of the firm, does not think it was the work of incendiaries but it is strange if the fire started from some spark that could not be seen when that last man left the building, that by the time the alarm was given the whole mill was a seething mass of flames.

None of the tools or machinery in the mill were saved and it is conceded that the damage will reach $15,000, with an insurance of $6,000 to offset this amount.

Mr. McKean assured the writer that the mill would be rebuilt as soon as possible and that as soon as the insurance could be adjusted work would be commenced in clearing away the debris. He hopes to have the mill ready to do some sawing this fall, provided a freeze-up does not come too early.

Charles McKean, the other member of the firm, is taking an outing in Canada and does not know of his loss.

The Firemen's Convention.

The Firemen's convention held at Emporium last week was not as successful as it might have been had not rain interfered on Thursday—parade day. Many people who had gone to Emporium left early Thursday on account of the weather and more did not go at all on this account.

At the business meeting Wednesday evening St. Marys was selected as the place for holding the next convention and officers were elected, after which an elegant banquet was served to about 150 firemen.

On Thursday after the skies commenced to clear the parade was started at about 4 p. m. Of course there were not over half as many in line as there would have been had the weather been fair, but under the circumstances the parade was a very creditable one.

The ball game which was to have been played Thursday afternoon was postponed until Friday morning. The game was between Port Allegany and Emporium and at the end of eleven innings the game was called, each team having scored seven runs. Another game was played in the afternoon between the same teams and Emporium won by a score of 5 to 2.

The hose races were pulled off previous to the second game. There were only two teams entered—the Emeralds and Laurels, both of Ridgway. The Emeralds were by far the best team and won all four races easily.

The Emporium firemen and people generally did their best to entertain the visitors and they succeeded far beyond the expectations of all.

A Wretched Exhibition.

In days of yore we were wont to chronicle baseball victories with a charming regularity. How different it is now. This year we are called upon to report defeats with an alarming regularity. Our sympathies go out in great gobs to the supporters of the Buffalo team. We know how 'tis ourselves. Since July 4th we have not won a game. This surprising reversal of results is mainly due to internal dissensions in the team and, particularly last Thursday's game, to the internal decorations of certain members of the team. Such conduct will not win ball games and serves only to disgust lovers of the sport. But let us drop the mantle of charity over their manifold transgressions and hope for better things the balance of the season. With proper management Smethport's lost prestige on the diamond may yet be regained.

The tabulated score of Thursday's fiasco follows:

SMETHPORT.	A B	R	H	P O	A	E
Croissant, r.f.	5	1	1	0	0	0
Knapp, 1b	5	2	4	12	1	0
Bell, s.s.	5	1	2	2	3	1
Fuller, c.f. & 2b	3	0	0	2	0	1
McCabe, 2b & c f.	4	0	1	3	1	5
Torrence, l.f	4	0	1	1	0	0
Tull, p	4	0	1	1	8	0
Young, c	4	1	1	5	1	0
Bailey, 3b	4	0	1	1	0	0
	38	5	12	27	14	7

TIDIOUTE.	A B	R	H	P O	A	E
Orbin, 3b	5	3	3	0	0	1
Allen, r.f.	4	3	2	0	0	0
Hamilton, c	4	2	3	7	1	0
Servatius, l.f.	6	3	3	1	0	0
McMillan, p & c.f	5	2	1	2	3	0
Haws, 2b	5	2	0	4	8	1
R. Yolton, c.f. & ss.	5	1	2	1	0	0
Cameron, 1b	5	1	2	9	0	0
G. Yolton, s.s. & p	5	1	2	3	1	1
	46	18	18	27	13	3

By Innings										
Smethport	3	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	—5
Tidioute	8	1	3	0	4	1	0	0	1	—18

Holley Breaks All Records.

George M. Holley of Bradford, inventor of the Holley motor-cycle, broke all records from one to five miles on his machine. In speaking of the race the Buffalo Express says:

"Another feature of the day was the performance of G. M. Holley on his single motor. Holley was tearing about the track after the five mile record and had been successful up to four miles when he lost control of his whirling engine close at the finish and went bounding off the board platter. The only damage was to stir up the officials. Holley never lost presence of mind nor attempted to dismount, but shut off the power and continued the trip over the sod. After a rest Holley came on again and this time was successful in lowering all existing marks for five miles.

"Event No. 4—Exhibition ride of five miles, on single motor bicycle, by G. M. Holley. Time by miles: First, 1:24; second, 2:40 2-5, third, 4:16 3-5; fourth, 5:44. Going into the fifth mile Holley ran off the track. Holley broke all records up to four miles: Previous motor-bicycle records: One mile, 1:26 2-5, by Champlan at Charles River Park, Cambridge, Mass., on July 31, 1901. Five miles, 7:10 2-5, also made by Champlan.

"On Holley's second trial he rode five miles as follows: First, 1:23 1-5; second, 2:47; third, 4:11 3-5; fourth, 5:38; fifth, 7:10 1-5. All world's records."

Notice.

A good girl wanted for general house work. Apply at 802 East Main street or W. D. at the office of the Camp glass works.

WANTED—AT ONCE—Twenty-five wood choppers for cutting chemical wood. Will pay $1 05 per cord. Apply to
E. D. WOODARD, Newerf, Pa.

Fill up these unsightly cracks in your floor with Grippin's Crevice Filler, only at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Thos. Baban of Colegrove was in town Monday.

Miss Bertha Jackson is visiting friends in Kane.

Miss Dowly Davis of Bradford is visiting friends in town.

John Troy of Olean was in town Tuesday on business.

Dr. F. C. Rueck of Emporium was in town on business Monday.

John Todd and daughter, Margaret, are visitors at the Pan-Am.

Arthur Brands of St. Marys passed Sunday with friends in town.

Miss Estella Martin of Clermont is the guest of Miss Lena Dickenson.

Ralph Quickler of Batavia is visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Pancoast.

James Elton of Dakota is visiting his school chum, Chas. E. McCoy.

Fred Masser and sister, Miss Nellie, are visiting the Pan-American.

W. P. Eckels of Kane visited Smethport friends the forepart of the week.

Mrs. Todd and Miss Effie Emery left for their home in New Castle Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs J. E. P. Butts of Geneva, N. Y., are visiting friends in this vicinity.

Miss Nellie Shepard returned home Saturday from a visit to friends in Port Allegany.

Harry Pancoast returned Saturday from a month's visit at Buffalo and Rochester.

Ross Colegrove came home Monday from a visit at Buffalo and other places of interest.

Miss Esther Childs of Olean was the guest of Mrs. T. J. Gilbert the forepart of the week.

C. G. Hall of Lima, Ohio, is visiting his parents, Mr and Mrs. J. A. Hall, on Fulton street.

E. M. Fry, who has been visiting his son, Sandford L. Fry, returned to Buffalo Wednesday.

Mrs. F. C. Pierce returned from Warren Tuesday, where she has been visiting for ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Pratt and son of Warren are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Wm. Barnett.

Rev. Mr. Wiener and family were the guests of H. W. Rubin and family the latter part of last week.

Herman E. Tull went to Kane Monday and has taken the management of the Kane baseball team.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hopper and children returned home Monday from a two weeks' visit at Hornellsville.

Samuel Caskey of Bradford was in town Monday. Mr. Caskey expects to open a dancing school here in a short time.

Dr. John Tretton returned to his home in Rochester after a two weeks' visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Tretton.

Mrs. Ed. Coleman, who has been visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity returned to her home in Port Allegany Tuesday.

Rev. J. H. McCandless went to Bradford yesterday to conduct the funeral services over the late C. E. Banning of that place.

Miss Hazzard of Providence, R. I., who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Palmer, left Tuesday for Buffalo and Chautauqua.

Miss Charlotte Bard, who has been in Washington, D. C., for the past year training for a professional nurse, is home on a vacation.

Miss Mabel Webber, who has been a guest of Rev. and Mrs. G. H. Patterson for some time past, returned to her home in Toronto Monday.

Mrs. Anna Garrity, Misses Mayme and Anna Garrity, Mr. and Mrs J. C. Cunningham, Patrick Garrity and John Gohn of Johnsonburg were guests of John McCarty and wife over Sunday.

Correspondence.

FARMERS VALLEY.

The Patrons of Husbandry will hold their annual picnic for McKean county at Farmers Valley and a large crowd is expected. The services of a band have been secured for the occasion and all who come will be heartily welcomed.

The Ladies Aid society have decided to hold their fair on the evening of August 28th in J. C. Stull's new hall. We hope to see a large crowd present.

Arthur Youmans and Harry Roeder were down from Ormsby on Sunday. They report a rushing business in their new location.

The election of church officers for the ensuing year will take place immediately after prayer meeting Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bloors of Chicago, who have been visiting at C. C. Decker's, started for the Pan-Am on Tuesday.

Mrs. F. J. Vickery went to Port Allegany to spend Sunday with her husband, who is at work on the new glass plant.

Charles Decker is laying a flagstone walk across his farm, which when finished will be a credit to the town.

Miss Alice Stull visited friends and attended the firemen's convention at Emporium the past week.

Miss Lina McAlister of Bradford, who has been visiting Valley friends, returned home on Tuesday.

Miss Edna Dunbar has been on the sick list for the last week. Dr. Brown has been in attendance.

Miss Winifred Roeder visited friends in Eldred and Port Allegany the past week.

Quite a number of Valley people attended baptismal services at Wrights on Sunday.

Miss Evelyn Steinhauer has been spending a few days at the Pan-Am.

LARABEE.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hubbard and son, Leonhardt, returned Monday after a two weeks' visit at Crittenden, Buffalo and the Pan-American.

Mrs. Geo. Moses and son, Reuben, of Port Allegany were guests at the home of Miss Ada Windsor on Wednesday last.

Maurice Lynch, who has been visiting friends in this region for several days, has returned to his home in Orange, N. J.

Miss Dessie Windsor of Coudersport visited at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Windsor Thursday.

Ralph Cushing of Clermont, a former resident of Larabee, was greeting friends in town Monday.

Mrs. Duell and children of Turtle Point visited at the home of Mrs. Viola Crandall Thursday.

Mrs. Fred Nourse and children of Smethport visited at the home of Mrs. Windsor on Friday.

Miss Esther Berg of Port Allegany was a pleasant caller in town Saturday.

Habit-Back Skirts.

Many of the best-dressed women of Paris, London and New York will wear habit-back skirts this season. The September Delineator illustrates several of them. Paper patterns for the month have just arrived. Our patrons are urged to visit our paper pattern department and investigate. Fashion sheets free at McCoy's Drug store, Odd Fellows block.

Edinboro State Normal school is preeminently a teachers' training school. The State encourages young men and women to come by offering free tuition. If you wish good accommodations write at once. Fall term opens September 16.
JOHN F. BIGLER, Prin.

A snap—Three hole full nickel hot plates only $2.00 at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Dynamite, fuse and caps at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Subscribe for the MINER.

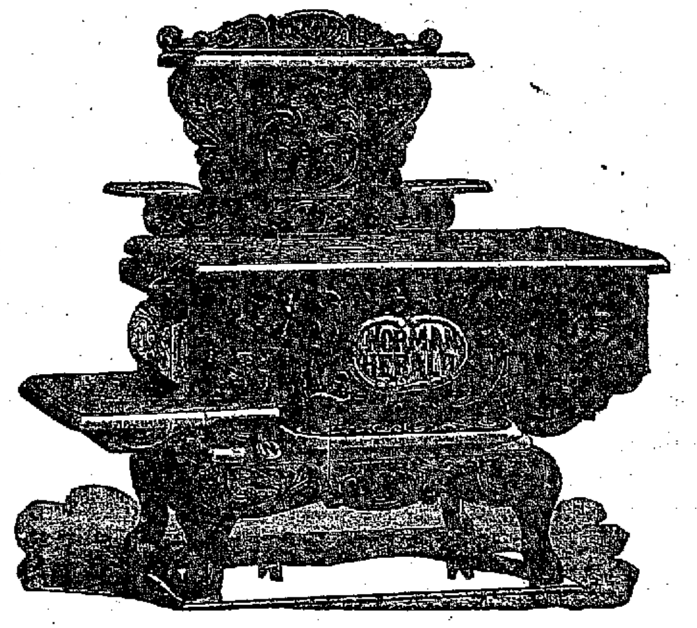
AHEAD IN FURNISHINGS?

Of course we are. We always are, and just now we are more ahead than ever in the line of

CLOTHING.

You can't show more head or a better one than by calling at our store. Perhaps you think our stock is low because it's between seasons. You're right; it is—in price, but in nothing else. There's plenty of it, and we can fit you out with NECKWEAR, COLLARS, CUFFS, Etc., in a style that can't be excelled within a hundred miles of Smethport.

H. W. RUBIN & CO.,
THE ONE PRICE
MERCHANT TAILORS, CLOTHIERS & FURNISHERS.



If you contemplate buying a stove, be it wood, coal or gas, for heating or cooking, we name it and less than the lowest city prices, too. Let us convince you.

Do not forget our stock of lumber, windows, doors and sash. If you are building, we name it all for you.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
Smethport, Pa · McKean County.

Columbia
BICYCLES

"The Bright Side of Life is Always Visible from the Wheel."

A good road or a pleasing prospect is additionally enjoyable if the rider is mounted on a Columbia Bevel-Gear Chainless. The mechanism always runs the same, exertion is reduced to the minimum and there are no small annoyances. New Models, $75.

Columbia Chain Wheels remain the standard of the chain type. New Models, $50.

Hartfords, New Models, $35. Vedettes New Models, $25.

Cushion Frame, for Chainless or Chain Columbias, $5.00 extra. Columbia Tire or Coaster Brake, $5.00 extra.

M. L. Armstrong, Agent, SMETHPORT, PA.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. Specht & Sasse.

SPECIAL!

We commence a special sale to-day of all our Spring and Summer

Suits and Pantaloons.

You know what this means when we advertise a sale of this kind. It is an immense saving to all those who are going to buy Clothing

Suits that were $10 now go for $7.00 · Suits that were $12 now go for $ 8.50
Suits that were 15 now go for 10.00 · Suits that were 18 now go for 12.50
Suits that were $20 now go for $14.

These excellent bargains will prevail throughout our Pantaloon Department, also Boys' and Children's. We will give you the same careful attention at this big money saving sale as if you paid the regular prices. All goods sold that are advertised will be spot cash. We positively will not charge during this sale.

IKE SIMONS
46-48 MAIN STREET, BRADFORD, PA.
The Big Double Clothing Store.

A Poor Quality

Of drugs and medicines do infinitely more harm than good. None but the very best are used in compounding prescriptions at this Pharmacy. We guarantee their absolute purity and strength and as a consequence our trade in this department is constantly increasing. Bring your next prescription to this store and prove the truth of our words.

A complete line of
FINE STATIONERY,
Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Pocketbooks, Tobaccos, Cigars, &c., always in stock.

H. C. WELLS.

FRY & HERZOG

In order to finish up odd lots we, this week, make exceptional price reductions in lines enumerated below.

We take no account of cost or selling prices in this sale. It's a case of quickly running out broken lines of merchandise on which we have had unusually good business.

Ladies' Vests.
Low neck. No sleves.
COLUMBIA SILK in white, pink, light blue and lavender.
Regular price 50c
Special this week 35c
"VEGASILK" in cream, pink and lavender.
Regular price 75c
Special this week 50c
LISLE, EXTRA FINE, white only.
Regular price 85c
Special this week 60c

Ladies' Union Suits.
These garment run in long sleeve, high neck and ankle length or no sleeve low neck and knee length, white only.
Regular price 50c
Special this week 35c
A better grade
Regular price $1.00
Special this week 75c

Dressing Sacques.
A few of these very popular garments to select from.
They are made of Lawns, Percales and Dimities in white and colors, well made and trimmed in embroidery, lace or ruffles.
Regular price 75c
Special 50c
Regular price $1.00
Special 75c
Regular price $1.50
Special $1.00
Regular price $2.00
Special $1.50
Regular price $2.25
Special $1.60

Sun Bonnets
Regular Price 25c
Special 17c

Wash Skirts.
Linens, Piques and Ducks for Ladies and Misses at ¼ off Regular price.

FRY & HERZOG.

JUST TIRES won't make a bicycle a good one. The tires are important, but there's other things important, too

"ELDRED" BICYCLES

are good clear through. Can't put your finger on a spot and say that it doesn't look sound or the workmanship is defective.

Material and construction is A1 and our guarantee beats them all.

The Eldred Chainless, $65.
The Eldred Chain Wheel, $30 and $40.
Coaster Brakes, $5 extra.

We do first-class bicycle repairing.

We can vulcanize the large holes in your tires which makes them good as new.

Try Us.

THE ELDRED CYCLE & SUPPLY CO.
Store Corner Main and Edson Streets,
ELDRED, PA.

Horses and Cattle.

Give your horses and cattle a rest by using Sure Fly Remedy. Price 75c gallon. Prepared by

L. K. HOGARTH & CO.
Opposite Court House.
Leading Druggists, Smethport, Pa.

WE NEED ROOM.

And for the next few weeks will be fussing with the masons and carpenters and to get as much of our stock as possible out of the dirt, we will, commencing

Monday, July 29th,

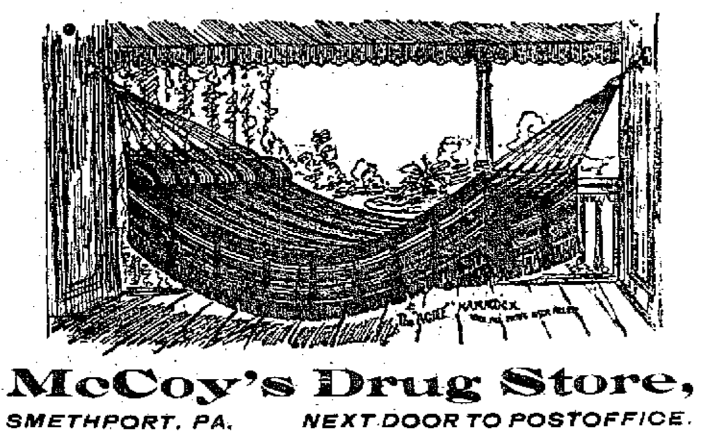
for two weeks make it an object for you to buy

Furniture, Carpets, Mantels.

See SLOAN first,
Last and All the Time.

16 Main St. BRADFORD, PA.

SEASONABLE GOODS
HAMMOCKS, CROQUET SETS, BASEBALL GOODS. BOOKS—YOU WILL FIND IN LARGE ASSORTMENT.



McCoy's Drug Store,
SMETHPORT, PA. NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE.

Do Your Eyes Deceive You?

If so it is time you had them examined by a competent optician. I have had many years experience in diseases of the eye and can help you. Have your eyes fitted with glasses by a man who understands his business. . . . .

Chas. H. Robie
Leading Jeweler & Optician,
122 N. Union Street, Olean, N. Y.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Leon K. Hogarth has moved his family into the Rogers House on King street.

—Arthur Sidman, an actor, well-known and popular with Smethport theatregoers a few years ago, is dead.

—Sidney H. Brougham has a new bicycle ad in this issue. If you want any fixtures or repairing give him a call.

—Ralph E. Burdick and family are now pleasantly located in their handsome new residence on West Main street.

—These fakirs have nerve. Two gentlemen of that type worked Sheriff Farnsworth of Potter county for $4 one day recently.

—Pay your subscription now. These low rates only last a few days longer. Then the price will be raised to $1.25 per year.

—Fred H. Nourse has recently purchased a Booth Bros.' piano through the agency of E. E. Ellison of Bradford. It is one of the finest in the country.

—Potter county woodsmen will probably organize a labor union. Foreign laborers are offering their services at very low wages, hence the action of the native workmen.—Potter Enterprise.

—Letters remaining in the postoffice at Smethport for the week ending August 17, 1901: Mrs. Anna Mallory, Mrs. Tillie Moore, Andrew Peterson, Miss Ida Tarbel 2, R. G. Wright.

—We have received several complaints about the condition of the gutter on the south side of Main street, between Fulton and State streets. The proper authorities should attend to this at once.

—Cresceus, the fastest trotting horse in the world, beat The Abbot in two straight heats last Thursday, and broke all racing records. The first heat was made in 2:03¼, the second in 2:06¾ and the third, a trial heat paced by a running horse, was made in 2:05.

—Buffalo Bill's famous Wild West and Congress of Rough Riders of the World will give an exhibition just outside of the exposition grounds at Buffalo, opposite the East Amherst street entrance, adjoining Delaware avenue, accessible by all lines of travel, in the great open field, on Monday afternoon, Aug. 26th.

—An exchange says: The season for poison ivy being again at hand, it may be well to remind our readers that the plantain found in every yard is one of the surest remedies known. Steep the leaves in water and bathe the afflicted parts often with the liquid. The "tea" can be carried about for several days without detriment.

—Much has been said and written about the verdancy of the young man from the country, but if he can make a greater ass of himself than the city chap, says the Oil City Derrick, who, upon going to the country, attempts to be funny, he ought to be shot. The dainty prig is constantly haunted by an apprehension that somebody may not know that he is from the city, and in order to prevent such misapprehension he makes a monkey of himself in the various ways known only to his class.

—Richard Crouse, the Seneca Indian living on the Cattaraugus reservation, near Gowanda, who was arrested last week on the charge of killing Jesse Jameson, the former Seneca chief, mention of which was made last week, has been honorably discharged. United States Commissioner Robinson held that he was justified in shooting Jameson. A number of Indian friends of Crouse attended the hearing and when Crouse was discharged they showed their satisfaction by clapping their hands and hurrying inside the rail to shake hands with him.

A Minister's Good Work.

"I had a severe attack of bilious colic, got a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, took two doses and was entirely cured," says Rev. A. A. Power of Emporia, Kan. "My neighbor across the street was sick for over a week, had two or three bottles of medicine from the doctor. He used them for three or four days without relief, then called in another doctor who treated him for some days and gave him no relief, so discharged him. I went over to see him the next morning. He said his bowels were in a terrible fix, that they had been running off so long that it was almost bloody flux. I asked him if he had tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and he said, 'No.' I went home and brought him my bottle and gave him one dose: told him to take another dose in fifteen or twenty minutes if he did not find relief, but he took no more and was entirely cured." For sale by H. C. Wells, druggist.

Pennsylvania Railroad Special Rates to Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

During the continuance of the Pan American Exposition, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from Smethport to Buffalo and Niagara Falls at the following rates:

	Buffalo	Niagara Falls
5 day limit, sold Tuesdays and Saturdays not good in parlor or sleeping cars	$3.00	$3.50
15 day limit, good in parlor or sleeping cars	3.80	4.30
Season, final limit November 30, 1901	4.35	5.15

Additional information may be had upon application to ticket agents.

When you feel that life is hardly worth the candle take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and liver tablets. They will cleanse your stomach, tone up your liver and regulate your bowels making you feel like a new man. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets cure biliousness, constipation and headache. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect. For sale by H. C. Wells, druggist.

WHAT JOACHIM THE CAT DID.

By

GILBERT L. LYON.

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CHRISTOPHER MELVILLE was deaf; yes, very deaf. He could not hear a word without his ear trumpets, of which he had a good many, long ones and short ones, and he was always leaving them around, to the great annoyance of the lodgers. If any one sat down on a chair, like as not they sat on one, or one would be found on the dining table.

He was a rather short, stout man, with very little hair on his head and no whiskers or mustache. He was very pleasant, and when he smiled he smiled all over his face, so that he seemed to beam on one.

He had a large maltese cat named Joachim that he thought the world of, and often when he came home at night he brought some little tidbit for Joachim, rushing up to his room at once to see his pet. Of course, in a lodging house, he was obliged to keep the cat in his own room, where during the day it would lie in the sun on the broad window sill, and at night it slept with him.

Now, no one had ever paid Mr. Melville any attention until Miss Abigail Manning came up from Somerset to spend the winter in London.

Miss Abigail Manning was a spinster of that uncertain age not mentioned by the fair sex. She was short, with dark hair and gray eyes. She had a little property—enough to live on comfortably—but she had always been looking for a man and, not finding one in Somersetshire, had come up to the capital, determined to take the first eligible one that was presented.

The truth was she had not dreamed at first of catching Mr. Melville; but, seeing that the poor man was left absolutely alone, she overcame a dislike to the queer shaped trumpets and talked to him half an hour at a time.

Mr. Melville was delighted. Here was some one that he could talk to, and, not hearing half that was said, he thought Miss Abigail Manning agreed with him in everything.

"Do you like cats?" was one of the first questions he asked her, and he understood her to say that she liked them when what she did say was that she could not endure them.

"You can have Joachim, then," said Mr. Melville, "whenever you please down in your room."

Now, it was about this time that Miss Abigail, having questioned Mrs. Jenkins, the landlady, and found that Mr. Melville had quite a little property, decided with herself that the said Mr. Melville was the very man she had been looking for. It was also about this time that Mr. Melville found that in a couple of weeks business would necessitate his going to Paris for some time.

What should he do with Joachim? Mrs. Jenkins had refused once before to take care of him, so he could not ask her. All at once a brilliant idea occurred to him. He would ask Miss Abigail to take care of the cat. She had said that she was so fond of cats. He would ask her that very day and have it off his mind.

But it happened Miss Abigail did not come home to dinner that night, and in the morning did not come down until after he left, so Mr. Melville decided to write a note and leave it with the maid when he went out. He wrote and carefully directed the following:

> Dear Miss Manning—I am going to ask a great favor of you. You know how I love Joachim, and as you are fond of cats I am going to ask you to take care of him for a few days. I shall be obliged to go to Paris on business the 28th of the month and shall be gone four or five weeks. I would not ask you to keep him the whole time, but my brother James is coming to town about the 1st of next month to attend to some business in Piccadilly, and he will then take Joachim home with him, if you will kindly see to all arrangements in regard to his departure. The basket he travels in and the pillow and the bottle for milk are all in my closet. If you will kindly consent to do this for me, I shall be most greatly obliged. Most respectfully yours,
>
> CHRISTOPHER MELVILLE.

This note the maid promised to deliver to Miss Abigail, but, alas, it slipped down through her dress lining and was lost and forgotten, so that Miss Abigail never received it.

That night Mr. Melville waited until dinner was over and then, retiring to the dining room, found Miss Abigail alone. Walking over to the window where she sat, he said:

"Miss Manning, I am glad to find you alone, as I want to talk with you. As you know, I always have the interest of those dear to me at heart. Of course you received my note?" he added. "Oh, dear, where are my trumpets?"

"I have received no note," said Miss Manning, but Mr. Melville was meanwhile looking all over the room for a trumpet.

"There is one," said Miss Abigail, coming to the rescue, "on the plate warmer."

"Oh, thank you," said Mr. Melville. "Please be seated," drawing up a chair, "and I will explain all of my plans. It is so unfortunate that the house has no private sitting room."

"Yes, indeed," replied she. "It is awkward at times."

"I will repeat what I said, that whatever I love I have the greatest possible interest in." Miss Abigail blushed.

"And I know," continued Mr. Melville, "that it is asking a great deal of you to devote your time to an animal."

"Oh, no! Oh, no!" said Miss Abigail, deprecating his calling himself an animal. "You must not say such things."

"Then you will accept?" said Mr. Melville, radiantly beaming on her, for now, he said to himself, Joachim's comfort is assured.

"Yes," said Miss Abigail in as low a tone as she could well make him hear, for she had heard some one in the hall. "I accept, Mr. Melville, but I am afraid I am not worthy the trust you have in me."

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Melville; "I will trust you. I would trust you with anything, Miss Abigail—with myself even," he added, little knowing how his words were applied.

"The 28th," said Mr. Melville, settling back in his chair and looking at Miss Abigail.

"Oh, dear," she said. "So soon as that? Well, I will try and be ready."

"And Joachim must not know I am going away. It would break his heart. You can bring him down stairs after I leave in the morning."

"Yes," said Miss Abigail, "I will see to the cat," but she looked surprised. Why should Mr. Melville mention the cat at such a time?

"And now," said Mr. Melville, "I want to leave all arrangements in your care."

Miss Abigail felt that she was perfectly capable of attending to everything, but it did not seem exactly the proper thing for her to do. "Do you mean that I shall attend to everything?" she shouted through the trumpet.

"Yes," he replied. "I leave all in your hands, as I explained to you in my note."

"Very well," said Miss Abigail, "I will do the best I can."

"And you are sure, dear Miss Abigail, that you will not regret it? It will be very inconvenient for you."

Miss Abigail blushed, but replied, "Oh, not at all." She was afraid that there might be some one in the hall listening, so she rose to terminate the interview, and just then some one came in.

Mr. Melville was very busy for the next two weeks, and if Miss Abigail herself had not been so busy with making all the arrangements for the wedding she might have thought that he wasn't a very ardent lover.

When Miss Abigail had occasion to ask questions in regard to the ceremony, which was only once or twice, she had to wait until every one was out of the dining room to get a chance to speak to him. He had expressly stated that she was to attend to everything. It was to be a quiet wedding, with only Mrs. Jenkins and Mr. Smith-Jones and Potter present, and Mrs. Jenkins was to have a lunch for them afterward.

She had asked him if 3 o'clock in the afternoon would answer and if it should occur at St. James, Piccadilly. He had repeated the words James, Piccadilly, and said yes, wondering why Miss Abigail referred to his brother's business in Piccadilly.

Mr. Smith-Jones was to be best man.

In due course of time the 28th arrived, Miss Abigail's wedding day. After Mr. Melville had departed for the city Joachim and all his belongings were, according to instructions, carried down to Miss Manning's room.

Now, it happened that on reaching the city Mr. Melville found there was not much for him to do the last day, so he returned early to the house, determined to have a nice rest until it was time for the night train to Dover.

It being a warm day, and he having had a hearty lunch, it happened that when Mr. Smith-Jones, dressed and ready for the momentous occasion, knocked at the door at 2 o'clock, and no amount of knocking and pounding having the least effect, had opened the door, had found the bridegroom elect fast asleep in a chair, with his feet stretched comfortably in another, and a handkerchief over his head to keep off the flies.

"Scandalous!" said Smith-Jones to himself, who imagined that Mr. Melville had been partaking of something stronger than cold tea. "Wake up, Melville! Do you know what time it is? You will be late for the wedding!" he shouted.

"Wedding," repeated Mr. Melville. Then seeing Mr. Smith-Jones was in full dress a smile broke over his countenance.

"Oh, you sly dog," he said. "And so you are going to be married and want me to assist?" Mr. Smith-Jones stared.

"What a joker you are, Melville! But come, hurry up, or you will not be ready in time."

"I was never at a wedding," said Melville, "and do not know just what you want me to do."

"Never mind," replied Smith-Jones. "You put yourself entirely in my hands. I will tell you what to do. Do you understand?" he shouted. "You are to do just what I show you. I will see that you get through all right."

At last Mr. Melville was ready, and they descended to the dining room, where Mrs. Jenkins and Miss Abigail were waiting. As five could not ride in one carriage, it was thought best for Mrs. Jenkins and the bride and Mr. Potter, who now made his appearance, to go in one carriage, the bridegroom and Mr. Smith-Jones following in another. After they got started Mr. Melville discovered that he had left his ear trumpet.

"Do I need a horn?" he asked.

"A what?" asked Smith-Jones. Then, thinking that he meant a whisky horn, he said, "No, I don't think you need another."

"My horn—my trumpet, I mean," said Melville.

"No," said Smith-Jones, "you do not need one. You do only just what I show you."

At the church door all alighted, where a small group was waiting for the wedding party.

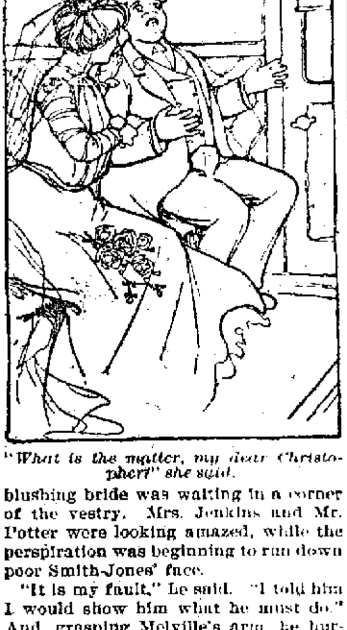
Mr. Melville seemed dazed and did not know what to do until his mentor stepped up and put Miss Abigail's arm in his. Mr. Smith-Jones went on ahead as a sort of usher, and Mrs. Jenkins, on the arm of Mr. Potter, followed.

The church was so dark, coming in from the sunlight, that Mr. Melville could not at first see anything. He thought to himself it must be natural for the best man to take in the bride.

At the altar the minister, an old and deaf man, was already waiting. He was in a great hurry to get through, so as to take a train for the country, and began the service before the wedding party knew what they were about. Poor Melville did not notice anything until Smith-Jones was poking at his elbow and finally put Melville's hand into Miss Abigail's, and Smith-Jones, who had the ring, was also obliged to put that on the bride's finger. Then they were all hustled into the vestry to sign the register, where the old clergyman was already out of his surplice and the door at the same time.

As they turned to leave Smith-Jones exclaimed: "If the man hasn't signed as witness! Where is he?" For the bridegroom had disappeared.

He was out in the church examining some of the ancient tablets, while the blushing bride was waiting in a corner of the vestry. Mrs. Jenkins and Mr. Potter were looking amazed, while the perspiration was beginning to run down poor Smith-Jones' face.



"What is the matter, my dear Christopher?" she said.

"It is my fault," he said. "I told him I would show him what he must do." And, grasping Melville's arm, he hurried him back to the vestry, where again he was attached to his bride. In some way they all got out into the street, when presently Mr. Melville found himself alone in a carriage with Miss Abigail. Then he began to be alarmed and turned first white and then red. The bride was frightened.

"What is the matter, my dear Christopher?" she said, for now that they were married she considered it proper to address him by his Christian name.

Mr. Melville gasped. She had called him Christopher! What had happened? Was he mad? Had he lost his reason?

"I am afraid, madam," he said, "that some dreadful mistake has happened."

"Dreadful mistake?" she replied. "What do you mean, sir? You are married!" she shouted above the roar of the street and noise of the carriage.

"Married?" he said. "Impossible!"

"Why, Mr. Melville, you proposed, and I accepted."

"When did I propose, madam?"

"Why, two weeks ago in the dining room at Mrs. Jenkins'."

Mr. Melville happened to think of the note he had written. Could that have anything to do with the matter?

"You received my note?" he asked.

Miss Abigail said no and shook her head very decidedly. Mr. Melville sank back into the carriage. It all came to him at once—how Miss Abigail had misunderstood him and he not hearing her replies, she had thought he proposed.

And now they were married. What a dreadful situation! What should he do? And here they were back at the house, and Joachim, the unwitting author of all the trouble, was sitting on the top step, having escaped from Miss Abigail's room.

Smith-Jones and Potter were astonished to see Melville jump out of the carriage and, leaving his bride, rush up the steps swearing audibly at his pet and kicking the poor cat down the steps.

Of course there was a scene, and the bride retired, to be comforted by Mrs. Jenkins. Mr. Melville did not go to Paris that night, but it finally ended in their both going a few days later, while poor Joachim was never seen afterward.

How Do Eels Breed?

It may fairly be said that the eel, as to its breeding, is the most mysterious animal in existence. Its method of propagation has puzzled science for centuries and has been a subject of more or less superstitious speculation among many peoples for thousands of years. The ancient Egyptians had their own theories respecting the matter. Some authorities have contended that eels grew up from horsehairs which in some strange manner became vitalized; others have held that they were generated spontaneously from slime, while others still have gravely advanced the belief that they came from the skins of old eels or even from similar exuviae of water snakes.

That eels mate with water snakes is very generally accepted as truth. Most popular among people who get their living from the water, however, is the theory that eels are the progeny of various other fishes. The Sardinian fishermen assert that they are produced by a certain kind of water beetle, which for this reason is called "mother of eels." The Greek poets, who fathered all children otherwise unaccounted for upon Jupiter, declared that this god was the progenitor of the eel.—Exchange.

OVER 22,000 HOMES

HAVE

BOOTH BROS.'

PIANOS

While They do Not Exactly Sell Themselves They Greatly Assist Ellison in Making Sales.

E. E. ELLISON,

8 Boylston Street, BRADFORD, PA.

HE COWED THE LION.

THE DARKY BELTED ALL THE FIGHT OUT OF MONARCH.

Laughable Manner in Which the Big and Ugly Circus Animal Was Returned to the Showman After a Railroad Smash Up.

"It's queer how animals will act in a railroad wreck," said the boss canvas man. "Now there was th' Saberlee wreck. Six cars was in th' ditch an half o' th' show's dens was under 'em. There was one cage o' monkeys mashed flat that we knowed of, an a lot o' th' other animals had took t' th' woods, little animals, zebras an wolves an deer an such like. Nothin t' do any harm exceptin th' big lion, Monarch. His den was bottom up in a little puddle o' ditch water, with a hole stove in it big enough t' let out a cow, an Monarch himself was gone with the little animals.

"Well, it was all off with makin th' stand that day, so we put up th' tents, got th' cookhouse outfit down on th' ground, had breakfast an started in t' dig th' stuff out o' th' ditch. Th' railroad company's wreckin crew come along t' help us, an we'd got purty well under way when a tall, black buck darky come out o' th' woods an stood round rubberin.

"Nobody paid any attention t' him for awhile, but by'n'by Mack, th' chandelier man, spoke t' him, kind o' kidded him about bein han'some, er some such guff. It was Missouri, an he was a real black buck. Didn't have anything t' say back, didn't say anything at all, in fact, for awhile. Jes' shuffled round in his cowhide boots from one foot t' th' other an grinned bashfullike. By'n'by when he saw we didn't roast him hard he kind o' took courage.

"'Did any o' you gemmen losed a giraffe?' he says.

"'Giraffe?' Mack says. 'No; we never owned no such thing with this trick. Why?'

"'Well, boss, Ah done foun' somethin up in mah 'tato patch this mawnin, an Ah 'lowed as maybe hit 'longed t' you all.'

"Mack got interested. 'Wot does it look like?'

"'Lawdy, boss, hit's mos' monstrous. Nevah did see no sech ole thing befoh, sah. Big cat vahmint, with yaller eyes, an hit done come a-snahlin an a-spittin at me soon as Ah got out o' baid.'

"'Where is it?' says Mack.

"'Oh, Ah cawt hit all righty. Done put a rope roun' hits neck an tied hit t' mah cabin.'

"'Go an git it an fetch it down here,' says Mack. Then th' wreckin crew got a tackle roun' another den, an we forgot all about th' darky.

"Maybe it was 20 minutes, an maybe it was half an hour when we heard a noise over on th' road amongst th' trees—a noise kinder like a nigger drivin a mule or like somethin bein driven. It come nearer an louder an louder an nearer. Everybody stopped work an listened, an th' ole man himself come out o' his car with his napkin hangin roun' his neck.

"'What is that?' he pipes up in his snappy way. 'Who is that out there? Go an see what that racket is, some o' you boys. Hurry up, now.'

"Nobody paid any attention t' him, an th' noise got nearer an nearer. In a couple o' minutes a cloud o' dust sailed out from behind th' trees. When it got within a hundred yards o' th' track, it cleared up a bit, an there was that big, black nigger with a rope in one han an a piece o' fence rail in th' other. On th' other end o' th' rope was Monarch.

"Of all th' mean, sneakin, underhanded cat animals that ever traveled with a circus Monarch was th' worst an a powerful fighter when he had any sort o' show. Sometimes we'd put our hands on th' canvas cover o' his cage when he had t' run over th' train, an there never was a time, day or night, that he hadn't a slap ready for you.

"Well, that darky was a-lammin him with his chunk o' fence an talkin mule talk t' him wuss than anything you ever saw in th' south.

"'C'm on 'long heah, you yaller eyed devil,' he was sayin. 'Ah don' know what you is, but you ain' goin snahl ner spit at me, nohow. C'm on 'long then, you big sassy vahmint,' an with that he'd lam him with his piece o' fence an let drive with his cowhide boots.

"An you kin bet your life Monarch was a-comin. I never saw a critter so cowed as he was. Why, when that nigger brought him right in amongst us there was nobody that took th' trouble t' open up a gangway, an I reckon any young one could 'a' took him by th' scruff o' th' neck an turned him over on his back. He was just a great, overgrown pet tomcat, with all th' fight an meanness walloped out o' him.

"We'd yanked his den up on to th' road bed with th' hole in th' end butted against a wagon. Th' door was open, an when Monarch saw his happy little home waitin there fer him he jerked th' rope out o' th' darky's hand an' bolted inside it. He couldn't get fur enough inside, either—went away up in th' fur corner an tried t' hide. Saberlee shut th' door an spoke to him, but Monarch was th' worst whipped cat animal you ever saw."—New York Sun.

Suppressing Cruelty.

Many a man who would be ashamed to strike a brute beast with a bludgeon has no shame in making a bludgeon of his tongue to strike human beings in the tender places of their being—their social sensibilities and their self esteem. Cruelty in its gross and outward forms we have in good measure suppressed, but the refined cruelty of the bitter word, the unloving censure, the abusive harangue is not yet extinct. Let us be as careful of men's inner skin as of their outer.—Exchange.

The Theater.

Sir Squire Bancroft, in a lecture on the stage in London, said that when he was a boy he scraped up many a shilling to go into the pit to see Phelps act at Sadler's Wells theater and Charles Kean at the Princess, with both of whom he subsequently played as a young country actor. These stolen visits he regarded as not the least part of his education, and therefore his advice to all was, "Go and see Shakespeare acted whenever you get the chance."

Use Hard Beds.

A German doctor advises the adoption of a hard bed and that children should be trained from the beginning to sleep upon no other kind. It is certainly true that as a rule the hard bed conduces to the most refreshing kind of sleep, the feather bed, so dearly loved by our grandmothers, being enervating in the extreme and encouraging weakness of mind in the matter of getting up in the morning.

Nothing Like Accuracy.

First Clubman—Woggles, I want you to decide a bet. Higginside says the quotation, "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," is from the book of Psalms, and I say it's from Job. We've put up $5 on it and agreed to leave it to you.

Second Clubman—I think you're both wrong. I know it's in the Bible, but my impression is that you'll find it in the Proverbs of Solomon.—Chicago Tribune.

Pin Money.

Spoiled Wife—Why are you dividing your month's salary in two heaps, Henry?

Indulgent Husband—I thought I ought to put this five in the bank this month, love. The other $95 is your pin money.—Ohio State Journal.

SHEBAIL.

She drank the sea [illegible] Shebail,
[illegible] glory of day,
And [illegible] strong and life was young
[illegible]
[illegible] cold spray."

"The sea is high, Shebail, Shebail,
Breakers at play, breakers at play,
And life is long when love is gone
[illegible]
[illegible] the dark sea [illegible] sports the cold spray."

"The love is gone [illegible] Shebail,
Dead and away [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] the dark sea [illegible] cold spray.
—A. Foster in Longman's Magazine.

HE MEANT WELL.

An Obliging Man Who Made an Embarrassing Mistake.

A young editor [illegible] on South Twelfth street. His landlady said frankly [illegible] sir, that my husband is a worthless fellow. I have to support him and he sometimes comes home very late, drunk. There is no other objection to my house." The editor said this was no matter and thought no more of it until a few nights later, when a great uproar in the street awoke him. He looked out of the window and saw a man lying on the doorstep shouting ribald things. "The husband," thought the editor. "I'll go down and let him in."

He ran forth in his pajamas, grabbed the husband by the neck and, jerking him into the hallway, proceeded to drag him up stairs. But the man made strong objections to this treatment. He howled oaths and abuse, kicked, struggled, even pulled out a handful of the young editor's hair, but this was in vain, for the youth is strong and of a determined mind, and he was bound that he would do his landlady a good turn.

He had got perhaps three parts of the way up stairs with his burden when two heads were poked in the dim light over the balustrade, and the landlady's voice said: "Why, Mr. Blank, what are you doing?"

The editor panted as he took a fresh hold and at the same time ducked a sharp uppercut: "I'm bringing your husband up, ma'am. He's drunk again, I'm sorry to say."

From the other head on the landing these words then issued in a deep bass voice: "What do you mean, young feller, by 'drunk again?' I'm this lady's husband. That man doesn't belong here."

Instantly realizing his mistake, the editor dumped his charge out into the street again. Then he returned and apologized tamely to the rightful husband for his strange words.—Philadelphia Record.

How "The Autocrat" Popped.

It was on the Common that we were walking. The mall or boulevard, of our Common, you know, has various branches leading from it in different directions. One of these runs down from opposite Joy street southward across the whole length of the Common to Boylston street. We called it the long path and were fond of it.

I felt very weak indeed, though of a tolerably robust habit, as we came opposite the head of this path on that morning. I think I tried to speak twice without making myself distinctly audible.

At last I got out the question, "Will you take the long path with me?" "Certainly," said the schoolmistress; "with much pleasure." "Think," I said, "before you answer. If you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more." The schoolmistress stepped back, with a sudden movement, as if an arrow had struck her.

One of the granite blocks used as seats was hard by—the one you may still see close by the gingko tree. "Pray, sit down," I said. "No, no," she answered softly. "I will walk the long path with you."

The old gentleman who sits opposite met us walking arm in arm about the middle of the long path and said very charmingly, "Good morning, my dears."—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Turning the Tables.

"Turning the tables," in the sense of bringing a countercharge against an accuser, has a classic origin. In the days of Augustus Imperator a regular craze seized the men of Rome to compete with one another for the possession of the costliest specimens of a certain description of table made for the most part of Mauritana wood inlaid with ivory—"mensarum insania," or table mania, as Pliny called it. They were sold at most extravagant prices. When the men accused the ladies of sumptuary extravagance, the latter naturally retorted by reference to the money squandered by their lords on these tables and so "turned the tables on them" by throwing them metaphorically in their teeth.

Frigga.

Frigga, from whom Friday is derived, was either a god or a goddess, according to time and country. As a man he was a great hunter and warrior, always represented with a drawn sword in one hand and a bow in the other. In the Scandinavian countries Frigga was called the "Venus of the North," and the sixth day of the week was consecrated to her worship.

Carried Weight.

"What do you mean by saying the defendant's words carried weight with them?"

"I mean, your worship, that he swore at me and then hit me with a brick."—Exchange.

It doesn't take a good resolution long to find its way to the bargain counter.—Chicago News.

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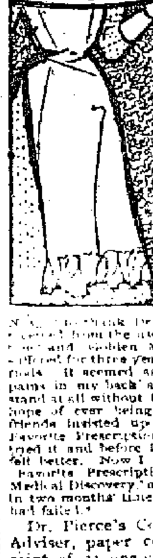

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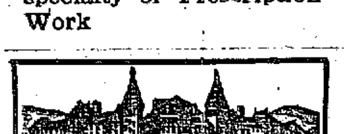

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Time Table taking effect May 27th, 1901.

[illegible]

Trains arrive at Smethport at [illegible] a. m. daily, [illegible] a. m., [illegible] a. m., 7:20 p. m. daily except Sunday, and 3:50 p.m. daily.

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Time Table No. [illegible]—Passenger Train Schedule, Effective Saturday, Aug. 3, 1901.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

[illegible]

M. S. BLAIR, General Supt.
CHAS. H. [illegible], Gen'l Pass'r Agt.
St. Marys, Pa.

Coudersport & Port Allegany Railroad

Time Table, taking effect Monday [illegible]

[illegible]

B. A. McCLURE, Supt.

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[illegible]

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